THE SPEAKER

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

IT is with the deepest pain that we have to record the fact that Mr. Gladstone's long and painful illness terminated fatally at five o'clock on Thursday morning. The end was somewhat sudden. He had been sufficiently well on Friday and Saturday to receive visits from Lord Rosebery and Mr. Morley, and his old colleagues found him, though greatly reduced in strength, perfectly calm and quite clear in mind. On Sunday and Monday slight delirium set in, and on Tuesday morning his strength began to fail in so alarming a manner that the absent members of his family were hurriedly summoned to his bedside. There was a slight rally of strength during Tuesday night, but in the early hours of the morning he fell into a state of coma, from which he was released by death at the time we have stated. Thus has died, after months of acute suffering, the greatest Englishman of our time and of the century, and the world is the poorer for the loss of one of its purest and noblest spirits. It must be gratifying to everybody —and it is specially gratifying to those who have followed Mr. Gladstone during his thirty years' leadership of the Liberal party with unswerving love and loyalty—to see how unanimous is the national sentiment with regard to the great man who has gone to his rest, and how widely that sentiment is shared throughout the whole civilised world. To no other Englishman of the century has such a tribute been paid, and it is some consolation to those who mourn an irreparable loss to feel that death, besides releasing Mr. Gladstone from his burden of pain, has revealed him to the world in his true character.

MR. GLADSTONE, following historical precedent, is to have a public funeral if his family should be willing to agree to it, and a monument with an inscription expressing admiration of his services felt both in Parliament and in the world at large. This announcement was made by Mr. Balfour in the brief but impressive sitting of the House on Thursday afternoon; and on the following day the House paid its own tribute to the greatest of Parliamentarians.

MR. GLADSTONE'S death, besides suspending the ordinary business of Parliament, has, as was natural, somewhat interfered with the political speeches of the week. It has, for example, compelled Sir William Harcourt to postpone that criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's extraordinary deliverance which he had intended to deliver to the Home Counties Liberal Association on Wednesday evening, and to retire from the meeting after a few well-chosen words commemorating one who "was not only a chief, but a dear and beloved friend": and it has saved Mr. Chamberlain from another criticism, which Sir Edward Grey would have passed on him at the Eighty Club "At Home," which was to have been held on Thursday. Two or three non-political, or at least non-partisan, speeches are, however, worthy of note. Mr. Chamberlain has delivered a speech on the merits of the Civil Service, in which there was nothing dangerous; and the Duke of Devonshire has reviewed the position and work of the British Empire League at its annual meeting on Wednesday afternoon. He pointed out that, while any introduction of fresh bonds of a political nature into the structure of the British Empire must be left solely to responsible statesmen, much might be done by the promotion of periodical conferences, like that conference of the Colonial Premiers which was held on the occasion of the Jubilee last year; and he dwelt with satisfaction on the course taken by Canada, and likely to be followed by Federal Australia, in giving preferential trade advantages to the mother country. Lord Brassey, however, who followed him, indicated that whatever might be done when Australia was federalised, some difficulty would exist in this respect in Victoria, while her separate Customs subsist. The most satisfactory part of the Duke's speech was that in which he held out very substantial hopes that Colonial seamen will be enrolled in the Naval Reserve. We can hardly imagine more admirable material for that purpose than is afforded by the Nova Scotians or by the hardy fishermen of Newfoundland.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech to the members of the Liberal Unionist Association at Birmingham proved to be one of the most remarkable utterances we have ever had from a responsible Minister of the Crown. Everybody has read the speech, and it is therefore unnecessary to do more than indicate its salient points. At the outset it consisted of a bumptious glorification of the Unionist party, and of a series of particularly silly gibes at English Liberalism. This was all in Mr. Chamberlain's accustomed style, and calls for no further notice. But the latter part of his speech was of a very different character. It was, in fact, the declaration of a new foreign policy for the British Empire. That policy was summed up in the declaration that Great Britain, if she is to hold her own in the future, must seek

alliances with other Powers. Of an alliance with the United States Mr. Chamberlain spoke with enthusiasm, and so far he said nothing with which the British public will disagree, though his manner of saying it was not unexceptionable. But it was not merely an American alliance that he indicated as necessary for this country. Some great military Power was indicated as being also necessary. Mr. Chamberlain did not say of what Power he was thinking, but the context indicated clearly enough that it was Germany. Finally Mr. Chamberlain indulged in a series of bitter sneers at Russia and her Ministers, and, referring to the failure of our negotiations regarding Port Arthur, quoted the proverb, "Who sups with the devil must have a long spoon."

THIS astounding speech, the most reckless and the most mischievous ever made by a Minister of the Crown, filled both parties with consternation. All over Europe it occasioned an outburst of almost furious anger. The Czar, indeed, seems to have been the only person who has treated Mr. Chamberlain with silent contempt. In England people have been mystified by his wild talk of hidden dangers threatening the national welfare, his craven declaration that Great Britain is no longer strong enough to stand alone, and his appeal to some unknown military Power to come to our assistance. Everybody has asked what the meaning of the outburst could be. One theory was that Mr. Chamberlain—*more suo*—was trying to lead a revolt against Lord Salisbury. Another was that for some mysterious reason the Prime Minister had commissioned the Colonial Secretary to reveal a new policy to the world. The truth probably lies midway between these hypotheses. Those who hold the former have been anticipating Mr. Chamberlain's resignation. The few persons who believed that he was really the official mouthpiece of the Government have been undeceived by Lord Salisbury's speech in the House of Lords on Tuesday in answer to Lord Kimberley. The Prime Minister was asked by Lord Kimberley to make some statement regarding Mr. Chamberlain's speech. He refused to do so, on the transparent plea that he did not happen to have a copy of it in his possession, but incidentally he snubbed Mr. Chamberlain severely, corrected one egregious blunder into which he had fallen when he attacked the last Liberal Government for having refused to join in the coercion of Japan, and intimated that there had been no change in the policy of this country. Apparently, therefore, we are invited to regard Mr. Chamberlain's speech as nothing more than an individual indiscretion. If that were its real meaning—which we doubt—the indiscretion should have been followed by Mr. Chamberlain's dismissal from office.

IN Parliament the principal business in the House of Lords has been the brief debate, in which Lord Kimberley and Lord Salisbury took part, having reference to the occupation of Wei-hai-Wei and to Mr. Chamberlain's speech. Lord Kimberley inquired if her Majesty's Government had so far adopted Mr. Chamberlain's policy of entering into foreign alliances that the country would hear before long of an alliance with some powerful European nation. Such an alliance, he pointed out, could not be conducted on the principle of limited liability, but would have to extend to the mutual defence of the contracting parties in every part of the world. Lord Salisbury adroitly evaded any discussion of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, and declined even to touch the question of foreign alliances. With regard to Wei-hai-Wei, he stated that the Government intended to improve the harbour, and to make the place fit for the purposes it would have to fulfil, but they were awaiting reports from experts before deciding as to the precise character of the improvements needed. Ministers wished to see the Chinese empire maintained, and to protect that empire as far as possible from external attack. The House of Commons has again been occupied during the week with the Irish Local Government Bill. The financial clauses were dealt with on Monday evening. The pacification of the landlords at the expense of the Imperial revenue, which affords a curious commentary on the Tory protests against Home Rule in 1886, was strongly opposed by some English Liberals, but was carried by 243 to 60.

THE annual meetings of the Women's National Liberal Association have been held in London this week. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Herbert Paul were the principal speakers on Tuesday. Mr. Asquith discussed at length a number of questions of social legislation in which women's work in the State could be of service, whilst Mr. Paul, supporting a resolution strongly condemning the foreign policy of the Government, made a pungent attack upon Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues. On Thursday the Association passed a resolution rejoicing in the renewed signs of life in the Liberal party—a renewal to which the newly-elected M.P. for South Norfolk was able to bear testimony.

ABROAD.

THE course of the war this week has been a series of disappointments and mystifications. The bombardment of Porto Rico has produced no result. The attempts to land United States troops and supplies in Cuba have definitely failed. The Spanish fleet from Cape Verde, under Admiral Cervera, which appeared first at Martinique and then (on Sunday) at Curaçoa, is doubtfully reported, as we go to press, to have arrived at Santiago de Cuba. Manilla is not taken, and, though it can be taken by the insurgents, it can hardly be kept in order without American troops. But the insurgents are divided, and the difficulties of the conquest are beginning to be realised in America. Meanwhile the possibilities of European complications which the events of the week have brought into prominence seem somewhat to have strengthened the position of the Spanish Cabinet. It has been reconstructed, and with better material than the Premier was expected to obtain; so that there is less immediate likelihood of a collapse of the present régime and a greater readiness among its opponents to await the development of events.

THE echoes of Mr. Chamberlain's speech so pervaded Continental politics early in the week that no room seemed to be left in the minds of publicists for the consideration of anything else. In some quarters its chief motive is supposed to be personal; but it is pointed out that to predict war is one of the surest ways of bringing it about; and a German Liberal paper even declares that if such a speech is not followed by action—though the speeches of English Ministers have not been so followed of late—the prestige of England will have received yet another shock in the Far East. The *Temps* regards it as being in part an attempt to get compensation for our diplomatic defeat in the Far East at the expense of France and in West Africa. In Germany the speech was at first received coldly, as a confession of defeat and an appeal to which the German Government was not likely to respond. But it has subsequently occurred to a section of the German Press that it may, after all, be as well to have the possibility of an understanding with England in the background—not to be realised, but to be put forward in case of any friction with Russia. In Spain the effect is to intensify the anti-English feeling, which—considering our commercial interests in that country—was already inconveniently strong. And we can

THE Whitsuntide arrangements of THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY include cheap excursions to Guernsey and Jersey (both by day and night boats), to the Isle of Man, to North Wales, to Somerset and Devon, the West Midlands, South Wales, and the South of Ireland

hardly expect Continental statesmen and publicists, in their present attitude towards England and America, to keep in mind the possibility which some of the best informed among them recognise—that Mr. Chamberlain may have spoken solely for himself.

EFFECTS of the speech are to be found in various unexpected byeways of foreign politics, whether international or purely domestic. In Spain it has encouraged the Cabinet to go on, in the hope that Spain may find allies if there should be a general conflagration; in France it has been used to moderate French hostility to the Americans, which is declared to be the result of an unhappy misunderstanding actively exploited by perfidious Albion; in America it is used by the *Times* correspondent to point the astounding moral that the best friends of the United States are the present Unionist party. Again, the publication of the alleged secret treaty between Russia and Austria relative to the eventual fate of the Turkish Empire and the Balkan States is regarded in France as a reply to Mr. Chamberlain's veiled hints of a possible Anglo-German alliance. The treaty itself is doubtless apocryphal, but it is quite possible that it rests on a diplomatic understanding between the governments of Austria-Hungary and of Russia. Now Austria-Hungary, it is argued, would not have entered into such an engagement or understanding without the knowledge of the predominant partner in the Triple Alliance; and the publication of the treaty may therefore be an intimation from Germany that the Continental Powers are going to settle the affairs of the Balkans without reference to us. Again, it is suggested (though Lord Salisbury's speech may be taken as evidence to the contrary) that Russia has won over Japan by her retirement from what Lord Salisbury calls the "progressive kingdom" of Corea; and that Japan's interest in the Philippine Islands may be so exploited as to make her into the active adversary of their acquisition by the United States. The speech has had its reflex even in French domestic politics. M. Rochefort declares that while M. Méline has been supporting the Church and the Pope, and consequently inclining to the side of Spain, the enemies of France have been concocting a Quintuple Alliance, the Anglo-American *plus* the triple—which, even for a Boulevard journal, is rather an extravagant assumption. And the *Temps*, dealing with the general election, urges that France wants above all things a strong government at the present crisis, and draws a moral against "Republican concentration," and in favour of the support of the Ministry at the second ballots to-morrow.

QUIET seems now to be restored in Italy, but it is quite uncertain what means the Ministry will be able to take to maintain it. Severe measures of repression will estrange Signor Zanardelli and his followers, while lenity will be followed by the resignation of the Marquis Visconti-Venosta, whom the Ministry cannot very well afford to lose at the Foreign Office, and the secession of a large section of the Right, and it is quite uncertain whether either loss would be compensated by the accession of the groups of the Right and Left respectively — especially the Piedmontese group of the latter, headed by Signor Giolitti, who now stand aloof. How serious the danger has been (and is) may be seen from the fact (recalled by a correspondent of the *Temps*) that, according to the last report of the Italian Socialist Congress, there are 21,000 paying members of Socialist organisations in Italy, and that the numbers, both of societies and of localities in which they exist, have nearly doubled since 1893. Moreover, they are in relation with the railway men's union, which was expected to act in connection with the outbreak at Milan, but did not do so. The railway men have now been included in the mobilisation, and are therefore under military discipline.

THE Russian Government has taken a very remarkable and significant step. There exists at St. Petersburg a learned society for the study of economics, which received its charter from the Empress Catherine II., and has been confirmed in its privileges by nearly all the succeeding sovereigns of Russia, including the present Czar. It is not, therefore, likely to prove a revolutionary or dangerous body; yet at its last annual meeting, held at St. Petersburg on May 4th (new style), we are informed that it received a confidential communication from the Minister of the Interior, requesting it to suspend all public meetings, either of the whole body or of that section which is specially concerned with statistical subjects. The society objecting to comply, pressure was brought to bear on the President, who ruled that two addresses which had been promised—one of them on the Imperial labour legislation—could not be given; and the Department moreover sent a confidential circular to the Press, requiring them to refrain from noticing its proceedings pending its reorganisation. Now it was this society whose researches did much to reveal the real magnitude of the famine of 1891–92, and showed also that the conditions which produced that calamity were exceedingly likely to recur. That conclusion is now being verified. Over a very large area of the Russian Empire, the last autumn and spring sowings have failed; and as the reserve store of seed-corn is being consumed as food, the distress is likely to be very serious. The society was investigating the situation; but the Government, it would seem, shrinks from the publication of the results. Its action is a significant comment both on the apprehensions of a European war and on the ability of Russia to enter into it.

LITERATURE, etc.

IT would scarcely have been supposed that Mr. Gladstone's style would have lent itself to the publication of excerpts from his works in aphoristic form. Yet such a publication has been attempted, with considerable success, by Mr. E. S. Dalton ("A Roll of Thoughts from Gladstone." London: T. Fisher Unwin). The extracts are assigned (as in a book of Scripture texts) to every month and every day in the year; and it is impossible to turn over the pages without being impressed by their appositeness in another sense than that which is obvious. They are not merely sound (and inspiriting) ethics; they are biographical revelations of the heart and mind of the great statesman whose departure the nation is mourning.

TWO American magazines of the more solid kind, which we were unable to mention in the proper place at the usual time, deserve a few words of notice here. The *Atlantic Monthly* for May contains two articles of very special importance. Mr. Olney's address, delivered last March at Harvard University—"The International Isolation of the United States"—is so appropriate to recent developments of their policy as to be almost prophetic. Mr. Olney urges that Washington's farewell advice to his country not to mix itself up in European politics could not be carried out as an absolute rule without negation of some of the elementary duties of a Government; that it was given in view of a state of things now passed away, when the nation was young and struggling and had three powerful and possibly aggressive European neighbours on the Continent, and that its maintenance makes the United States disliked and suspected in Europe. He dwells also on the isolation involved in Protectionism, and advocates an Anglo-Saxon alliance. Professor Münsterberg, the eminent psychologist, continues to teach his own science—now the

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

dominant science — to know its place. After pointing out that it reduces the world to something less than the "solipsism" of some Cartesians, insomuch as existence, as considered by the new psychology, is reducible, not merely to states of consciousness, but to states of a consciousness in which "I" and "you" are not distinguished, he declares that all this is an "ideal construction" for scientific purposes, just as is the reduction of the Cosmos to Matter and Motion. The Ultimate Reality he finds in Will—those wills and personalities of real life which are behind psychology and its analyses and reconstructions. In the *Forum* we may note an article on Germany and China, by a late German ambassador in the country, which is valuable as a reminder that the acquisition of Kiao-Chau was a less sudden move than it seemed; an article on the trans-Siberian railway, which will give a cool summer route round the world; and a lament over the scanty earnings of American journalists, which makes disclosures surprising in view of the fact that America is *par excellence* the country of journalism.

OBITUARY.

M. Henri Schneider, son of the President of the Corps Législatif under the Second Empire, had represented Autun (as a "Revisionist" in the interests of order and of the Right) from 1889 till the close of the last Chamber, when he retired in favour of his son. He was best known by his connection with the famous Creusot Ironworks, of which he was formerly the head, and the welfare of whose workmen he had taken special pains to promote.—M. Alphonse Nothomb had formerly been a prominent figure in the political life of Belgium. He had been Minister of Justice, and his Ultramontane tendencies had provoked a Cabinet crisis; but of late years he had so far separated himself from the bulk of his party as to favour personal military service and proportional representation.—M. Bahlmann, who died suddenly while addressing the Dutch Lower Chamber last Friday week, was one of the leaders of the Catholic party in Holland.—M. Edouard Remenyi, who was Hungarian by origin and had taken part in the revolution of 1848, was an exceptionally gifted interpreter of the popular music of his country. He was well-known as a violinist in London and Paris, but had made his home on the other side of the Atlantic, and died suddenly on Monday in San Francisco.—Christian Almer, of Grindelwald, was one of the most daring and skilful of the first generation of Alpine guides. He learnt his profession as a chamois hunter, and practised it till laid by through frost-bite some six or eight years ago.

MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S prolonged ordeal is at last at an end, and the great soul has been set free from the prison house of the flesh. To all those who loved and honoured him—and there was no man living for whom so much love and honour was felt—the news of his release must have brought a deep sense of comfort. For months past the thought of his grievous sufferings, borne with so noble a courage, has been a daily cause of pain to millions. That such a career should have been fated to end in this fashion is, indeed, one of the inscrutable mysteries of Life. There are very few men now living in this country to whom Mr. Gladstone has not seemed, throughout their lives, to be the incarnation of mental and physical vigour and activity. To think of him as wounded, helpless, suffering, seemed impossible. Yet amid the deep pain caused by the tragical end of his great life there has been one source of consolation. From the chamber in which he passed through his prolonged agony the man we loved and reverenced has given us fresh reason for honouring his memory. He has taught us how the acutest physical tortures, the most depressing bodily conditions, can be borne with cheerful courage in the face of death itself. He has given us fresh proof of the fact that the soul which is stayed upon the divine truth and the divine love can pass without flinching through the hottest furnace of affliction. In the hour of his suffering he spoke of his ordeal as "a last trial, a last lesson." A last lesson it is, indeed; but for others rather than for himself. Humbly we can stand beside the bed on which he lies in death, and pray that we too in the supreme moment may be blessed by the courage and the faith which burnt so brightly in the dying hero's breast.

It must be difficult for most persons—it will certainly be difficult for all Liberals—to realise a world without Mr. Gladstone. In ten thousand households it must seem as though a central figure had suddenly vanished. Over the whole community there broods that sense of emptiness and loss which in every family circle marks the departure of one dearly loved. He had filled so great a place in the national life for so large a space of time, his name had been so constantly on all our lips, his personality had loomed so conspicuously before all our eyes, that it is difficult to realise the fact of his departure from amongst us. For the moment, indeed, there is a certain measurement of bewilderment in our sorrow that prevents anything like a calm survey of the figure that has passed away. Yet already we may see from the judgment of the outside world how great was this man, whose going has left his country perceptibly impoverished. Not to us alone, but to the whole civilised world, Mr. Gladstone was one of those commanding figures who seem to dominate mankind. The stamp of moral and intellectual greatness was unmistakably impressed upon him. With his politics men might agree or disagree. There were those, as we know, who were bitterly opposed to him throughout the greater part of his political career; just as there were those who followed him as though he were a prophet inspired from above. But whatever we might think of the part he played in the political world, we were all agreed upon one point. He stood above the highest of his fellows. "We feel like children in his presence," said the late Robert Lowe, speaking of him one day during his first premiership. There was no man less given to self-depreciation than Mr. Lowe; but even he felt the overmastering superiority of his chief. And wherever Mr. Gladstone went the same feeling was evoked. In the great world of politics, in society, in the popular arena, in courts, in private life he bore with him the signs of a distinction that was unique. The present century has given us many great men. It has given us men, who, in some respects, have been abler than Mr. Gladstone. But it has given us only one Mr. Gladstone; and in the great gallery of contemporary portraiture his figure will always stand out in a pre-eminence that is almost startling. The worn old simile forces itself upon us as we think of his going. It is the father oak of the forest that has fallen, and with its fall all the lesser trees seem as it were to vanish from our sight.

Memoirs, reminiscences and criticisms will be poured forth from the Press in abundance now that Mr. Gladstone's death has set men free to say all that they think and to tell all that they know regarding him. It seems to us, however, that it is far too soon for any of these things to have real value. We prefer for the moment to leave all the great political and historical questions associated with his name on one side,

and to turn only to his unique and extraordinary personal character. It is not of the statesman who was four times Prime Minister, who was a Privy Councillor before most men now living were born, and who was for sixty years in the fore-front of the Parliamentary struggle, that we are thinking to-day. It is rather of the man himself, and of all that his name signified to so many of us. It is his personal fascination that we feel, as most of us have felt it from our youth onwards. Here was one born to lead, to whom men in doubt flocked as of old they flocked to the oracle for guidance and inspiration. It is difficult to realise the fact that little more than thirty years ago a cabal was formed in Parliament by those who avowed their determination never to allow Mr. Gladstone to become the leader of his party. They might as well have attempted to arrest the fall of the thunderbolt or the rising of the sun. Mr. Gladstone became leader of the greater portion of the British people not through the intrigues of a cabal, or the resolutions of a conference, or the advocacy of the Press, but simply by virtue of his own unquestionable personal merits. And having gained the first place in the State, and with it the confidence and affection of millions of his fellow creatures, with what splendid ardour did he put forth all his energies in the task to which he had set himself! That he had a magnificent constitution is known to all of us; but as we look back upon his years of strenuous labour it is only to be struck with amazement at the fact that during all those years he never seemed to falter in his task. He never seemed to be fatigued or depressed or borne down by the common burden of humanity which weighs so heavily upon ordinary men. His strength was always equal, and apparently more than equal, to his task, whatever it might be. His spirit was always bright, his enthusiasm always exuberant, his sympathetic ardour always contagious. Thus it came to pass that men turned to him with an unfailing confidence as to one whom they might be certain under all circumstances of finding at his post. In storms and in sunshine they always knew where to find him. Nor was it ever possible to doubt his singleness of purpose, the depth of his sincerity, or his unaffected piety. Admiration for his genius, wonder at his unequalled powers, would never have gained for him his peculiar hold upon the love and loyalty of so large a proportion of his fellow countrymen. The tie which bound him to his followers more closely than any other was their faith in him as a moral teacher and guide. Everybody knows how the Nonconformists loved him and followed him, High Churchman though he was. They knew that, whatever might be the religious forms he affected, all his opinions had a firm spiritual foundation; and in the unseen life which is part of the existence of every human being they felt that they were at one with him.

It was because men believed in him as a good man that they were so quick to recognise that he was also great and to pay him the homage which the great deserve. To-day those who loved him think more of his goodness than his greatness. They remember his sympathy with the classes which, until he came to the front, were left outside the pale; they recall the passionate ardour of his advocacy of the cause of many oppressed peoples, from the Neapolitans to the Armenians; they cannot forget his love of peace, his unceasing preaching of the gospel of fair-dealing between nations as well as individual men. For the moment the noise of party controversy is hushed, and we think only of those lessons which might have been drawn from the Sermon on the Mount that Mr. Gladstone strove in season and out of season to inculcate. By-and-by it will be time enough to speak of the great party leader, the chief of Napoleonic courage and decision of character, the administrator of unequalled vigour and industry, the statesman who exercised so commanding an influence over the national fortunes. To-day it is enough to think of the guide and teacher whom we loved—the man who at the close of a matchless career has gone forth into the unseen world, leaving behind him neither titles nor great estates, but such a sense of reverence and of sorrow in the hearts of his fellow countrymen as no other man of this century—ay, or of several centuries—has been able to evoke. In an age of giants Mr. Gladstone would have been great; in this age, such as it is, his figure seems to reach an altitude almost beyond our comprehension.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ALARMS.

NO one can pretend to be surprised at the feeling of alarm, approaching almost to one of consternation, that was caused last week by Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham. That feeling, as we know, has grown stronger every day, and is now general not only in this country but on the Continent. That it should have been possible for a responsible British Minister to make such a speech is, indeed, more than passing strange. Its language was not that which we are accustomed to hear from the lips of statesmen; its plain-speaking—upon which the speaker prided himself—was that of the private smoking-room rather than of the public platform. It is useless to dispute with Mr. Chamberlain upon matters of taste; but we imagine that some of his colleagues must have shivered when they read the words in which he referred to a great nation with which we have not as yet found any reason for war, and whose ruler is closely connected with our own Royal Family. The Unionist party must assimilate Mr. Chamberlain as they best can. He is theirs, and there is not the slightest desire on the part of any Liberal to rob them of him. As they have profited by his services in the past, so they must submit to his peculiar idiosyncrasies in the future. It is only when his freedom of speech seems to endanger the peace of the world that Liberals feel constrained to complain of it. This was the feeling to which Lord Kimberley gave unmistakable expression in the House of Lords on Tuesday evening, when he challenged Lord Salisbury to say whether he agreed or disagreed with the Secretary for the Colonies.

What did Mr. Chamberlain's speech mean? That is the question which everybody has been putting since it was delivered; and, so far, there has been no adequate answer to the question. It is said, indeed, by one or two persons whose opinion of the present Ministry is the reverse of flattering that both Lord Salisbury in his speech at the bankers' dinner on Wednesday week and Mr. Chamberlain in his speech at Birmingham merely desired to frighten the Unionist party back to its allegiance to the Unionist Government. We cannot, however, accept this interpretation of two very grave and menacing utterances. We cannot believe that even Mr. Chamberlain would be so wildly indiscreet as to cause a flutter of panic all over Europe merely in order to stifle the outspoken criticisms which are now being heard on his own side of the House of Commons. He must have had some other purpose than this, and it is well that we should try to learn what that purpose is. That he is animated by a feeling of bitter hostility to Russia can hardly be denied. He uses language in speaking

of the Government of that country which, if it were to be used by any other Minister of his standing, would make the world suppose that we were on the brink of war. That Russia has not behaved well in the negotiations with this country over Talien-Wan and Port Arthur is not to be denied. We cannot agree with those journalists who seem to think it is their duty to whitewash Count Mouravieff in the matter of those negotiations. But it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that Lord Salisbury, and we fear we must add Sir Nicholas O'Connor, played into the hands of the Russian Minister by their ineptness, and almost forced him into the game of duplicity which he eventually played. His success in that game cannot, it is clear, be accounted as a fault on his part. If it be the fault of anyone, it is that of our own Prime Minister. In these circumstances, it is not very wise for members of the present Government to show such extreme bitterness when speaking of Russia. Apart from the fact that it is the interest of England, if possible, to live on good terms with the Czar and his people, it ought to be remembered that the kind of anger which Mr. Chamberlain and other members of the Government have shown against Russia only serves to accentuate the victory which that country has gained over our diplomacy. It would be much more satisfactory if the Government, instead of dwelling in this spirit upon the past, were to learn the lesson that it teaches, and to take care that for the future it should know its own mind, and make that mind clearly known to any other Government with which it has to deal.

It is not clear, however, from Mr. Chamberlain's speech whether the vague menace of impending war which he holds over us has reference to Russia or to some other country. There are some who believe that it was of France that he was thinking when he made his speech. It is known that he holds a very strong view with regard to the questions at issue in West Africa, and that if he had been left to take his own way we should probably before this have addressed an ultimatum to the French Government. But there is nothing more certain than that the people of Great Britain do not desire a war with France over the question of a station on the Niger, and would only acquiesce in such a war if it were to be proved, first, that the interests at stake were sufficiently grave to be worth the cost and risk of fighting, and, secondly, that France had acted with open and flagrant dishonesty in its treatment of our rights. At present there is no evidence to prove either of these points, and as a consequence there is no reason to suppose that the country would support Mr. Chamberlain if he were to go to war about a few miles of swamp in West Africa. Possibly it was not of South Africa, but of something impending in China, that he was thinking when he spoke. This is an idea that seems to be pretty generally accepted. Either France or Russia is about to make some fresh demand upon the Chinese Government which we shall be bound to resist at all costs, and Mr. Chamberlain feels it to be his duty to warn his fellow-countrymen of what is coming. If this be the true interpretation of his speech, it is impossible not to regret that he did not make his meaning clearer. He said either too much or too little. He has no right to go about the country raising the cry of "Wolf!" unless the wolf is really at our doors, and if it is at our doors, he ought to show us the precise point at which it will make its attack upon us. Nothing can be more unwise than to create a feeling of vague alarm in the public mind without giving any indication as to the reason for that alarm. The country, irrespective of party, will support the Government of the Queen in any steps that may be necessary for the vindication of our honour or the protection of our interests; but its resolve to do this will assuredly not be strengthened by vague alarms such as those which Mr. Chamberlain has seen fit to raise.

Upon one point, however, Mr. Chamberlain was definite enough. He intimated plainly that the day when we could rely upon our "splendid isolation" was at an end, and for the first time in the lifetime of the present generation the country was told that it must seek allies among the Powers if it was not to be placed at a serious and even fatal disadvantage. This is indeed a strange doctrine to be preached by an English Minister. The "craven fear of being great" would seem to have bitten deep into Mr. Chamberlain's soul before he made this statement. We have believed hitherto that we were strong enough to hold our own even against Europe in arms. Never has Great Britain been more ready to make the needful sacrifices to secure her predominance upon the one element on which our supremacy is essential to our safety than she has been in recent years. Things have come to a pretty pass if we are to be told that all these efforts and sacrifices have left us in such a state that we cannot hold our own unless we have help from outside. We refuse to believe it. No doubt if we are going to embark upon some great foreign adventures, we may be unable to attain our ends without allies. But we know of no foreign adventures that are likely to tempt us to depart from our traditional policy; whilst we do know that alliances can only be bought at a price, and that not a light one. The country will, it is to be hoped, take warning from Mr. Chamberlain's speech, and will insist upon knowing who are the allies we are to woo, for what purpose we are to obtain them, and what consideration we are to offer for their aid.

THE WAR'S DELAYS.

THE hopes of a speedy close of the war which were encouraged by the capture of Manilla and the bombardment of Porto Rico have been considerably damped by the subsequent development of events. Every day that passes without an engagement between Admiral Cervera's squadron and its American pursuers intensifies the danger that the war will last throughout the summer and will set up complications that may precipitate the general conflagration in Europe. The bombardment of San Juan has had no particular result; the failure of the American attempts to land troops and supplies in Cuba seems to preclude all hope of bringing about a decisive battle in the island until the autumn is far advanced. There can be no doubt, of course, as to the ultimate outcome, assuming that unforeseen European complications do not arise. But meanwhile, though it seems clear that America is destined to acquire Cuba and Porto Rico and to keep the Philippines, it is at least probable that the cost of doing so will be far heavier than had been indicated by the unpreparedness and ineffectiveness of Spain at the outset. Any day, of course, may bring news which will make this probability indefinitely less. But every day that does not bring such news makes it greater. And the news, if it comes, will probably come suddenly.

While we are waiting and hoping for such news, our attention naturally turns to the political situation in Spain. Señor Sagasta's Ministry has been reconstructed, and he has been more fortunate than he was expected to be in obtaining the co-operation of the abler members of his party. But reconstruction during a grave crisis is a very dangerous

process, and the Cortes has already shown itself disorderly and hostile enough. How far can its support be counted on? or is the reconstruction merely a prelude to a collapse? It would seem that this is not the case. The Sagasta Cabinet rests on an enormous majority, numbering more than 300 supporters in a Chamber of 431. But that majority certainly does not represent the nation. As we pointed out at the beginning of April, in commenting on the election, only 25 per cent. of the electors voted, and certain features of the contest suggested that the hand of the Government had been even more visible than it usually is in Spanish elections. A Spanish Ministry always, we believe, "presides over the elections," and returns from them with a triumphant majority, which lasts until a cave, or caves, are formed in Parliament, and then the Ministry breaks up, and the Opposition comes in and appeals to the country—invariably with success. What really determines the constitution of a Spanish Ministry is thus not the will of the electorate but the combinations of Parliamentary groups. But in this case Señor Sagasta's majority was so large that the re-grouping of parties seems hardly possible unless a second appeal to the country follows it; and that would be eminently dangerous under present conditions. There were reasons for supposing at the beginning of the war that the Ministry, which had come in to settle the Cuban question by concessions, would still be prepared to make concessions even though they involved the sacrifice of the island, provided that "honour was satisfied" first. The leader of the most numerous and most respectable section of the Conservative party, Señor Silvela, seemed to indicate a few weeks ago that he would not oppose such a solution. But, meanwhile, the internal disturbances have quieted down for a time; the war and the financial disasters, by one of the curious turns peculiar to the complexities of modern economics, have actually come to favour mining, one of the greatest Spanish industries; the rise in exchange has stimulated the export of produce—to the ultimate loss of the producer, of course, since the profit comes from his acceptance of the depreciated currency for less than it is actually worth. But he gets more work, and therefore—absolutely, if not relatively—more pay, and is therefore temporarily content. Thus certain classes of raw produce, notably mining products, are actually looking up; the new export duty on them may temporarily furnish partial compensation for the suspension of the import duties on cereals; and the belief seems to be growing that whereas the disappearance of the Ministry would leave the way open for a general collapse, its maintenance will avert this disaster, and something unexpected may happen to avert it altogether. So the partisans of peace have been eliminated, and the Ministry continues—on sufferance.

We do not believe there is any substantial reason for these hopes. The ultimate result of the war cannot be doubtful; and any check the United States may receive will only increase their determination to persist. The intervention of the Powers would make that determination unalterable; and if European complications bring about the European war, every Great Power in Europe, except ourselves and Germany, will find—what Italy and Spain have found already—that the Government is sitting on a volcano. But if the Spanish Government were to disappear, the fabric of government in Spain would probably soon disappear too. The delay, therefore, if it increases the European danger in one respect, at least minimises it in another. Europe will not yet have to deal with the plunder of a derelict Spain.

OUR PROTESTANT CHURCH.

IT is hardly to be wondered at that the Liberation Society finds cause for self-congratulation in the spectacle presented at this moment by the Established Church. While the eccentricities of ritual indulged in at churches like St. Ethelburga's, St. Cuthbert's and others, produce acts of noisy and irreverent protest like those of Mr. Kensit, while Canons and Deans attack each other for taking sides in the dispute, and while the great majority of the Bishops sit on the fence and try hard to avoid committing themselves to any policy at all, the critics and opponents of the Establishment inevitably point to these disturbances as a scandal gravely hurtful to the reputation of the Christian Church. For our own part, we do not admire Mr. Kensit's methods. But we see no reason to doubt that he is, as his chief opponent the curate of St. Ethelburga's, has admitted, "an honest man, fighting for what he sincerely believes to be true"; and it appears, unfortunately, that the rather violent methods which he has adopted were the only methods by which he could hope to rivet attention on the principles which he has at heart. On the other side, Mr. Kensit's critics can hardly be said to have shown much more taste or self-control, if they are fairly represented by Canon Knox Little, who writes to the *Times* to accuse the anti-ritualists of "booming a business—like the silly, self-seeking vulgarities of Kensit & Co." We do not wonder that the majority of Bishops have hesitated to intervene in a quarrel conducted on both sides with so little dignity and temper. But, after all, if an Establishment is to exist, discipline and authority are essential to its existence. If Bishops are to rule the Church, they cannot always hold their tongue when controversies shake it. If disturbances like those of Mr. Kensit are to be prevented, the objectionable practices which produce them should be prevented too. We cannot but wish that those in authority would show themselves a little more alive to their duties, and would speak and act with the fearlessness and wisdom which the Bishop of Hereford has used towards both sides alike.

No one who has watched the movements in the Church during the last half century can wonder that men attached to Protestant ideals are gravely anxious about the future of religion. Unquestionably the High Church Party has done great things for England. It has revived religious zeal. It has stimulated both devoutness and devotion. It has restored our churches, beautified our services, popularised our pulpits, widened the intellectual outlook of religion, enlisted in rare measure the interest and the help of all classes of men. Its leaders, some of them, are among the finer spirits in the Church today. Its recruits are drawn, in some cases, from the best material in the land. But hand in hand with this improvement there have gone two serious defects—defects so serious that, unless checked and chastened, they will ruin the Church which this party has revived. One is the increase of the spirit of sacerdotalism, to which Tractarianism directly led. The other is the increase of methods appealing solely to the senses, to win the multitude whose instincts are stronger than their heads. The object of the one is to heighten the power of the clergy. The object of the other is to deepen the spell of religion. The one is more dangerous in the field of politics, the other more dangerous in the field of morals. But both are fundamentally opposed to the principles which produced the Protestant Churches of Europe, and both if they ever become identified

with the Church of England, will inevitably drive from it all who care for Protestant ideals.

Politically speaking, the power of sacerdotalism is the more immediate danger of the two. The clergy who belong to this party are now endeavouring to assume the position which the ministers of the Roman Church have always held. They claim, in fact, that men who take Holy Orders are thereby set apart from all their fellows; that a spiritual power, transmitted mysteriously by Bishops' hands, is at once conferred upon them; that by this power they are enabled to work a miracle—the old Roman priests called it Transubstantiation, our modern ritualists may call it something else—in the service of the Eucharist or Mass; and that, in virtue of this divine power imparted to them, they are entitled to authority over laymen, to teach, to preach, to forgive sins, to interpose and mediate between God and man. It seems clear that the extreme Ritualists hardly stop short of the full claims made by the Roman priesthood, and that the more moderate High Church clergy, while hesitating to claim miraculous powers, still suggest that there is an awful mystery about the priesthood, which gives them rights not shared by ordinary men. It is this claim to special and mysterious powers, with all the consequences which flow from it and which make the High Church clergy push for influence in every department of the State, against which the sixteenth century rose in protest at the Reformation, and the seventeenth century, led by the Puritans, rose in revolt. It is this claim which makes it so necessary for High Churchmen now to belittle the Reformation, and which in the mouths of a certain party has made the term Protestant a term of ridicule, if not of abuse. And yet we do not believe for a moment that, in spite of the deserved popularity of certain High Church clergymen, in spite of the crowds who flock to ritualistic churches, and the fatherhoods and sisterhoods which spring up on every side, the people of this country are one whit more inclined to tolerate these pretensions than their fathers, or to hand over to the men who make them, the education of their children, the ruling of their consciences, or the keeping of their souls.

More noticeable, however, than the revival of this chief claim of sacerdotalism, because more clear and tangible, are the various manifestations of ritualism which certain churches have lately carried to absurd excess. The source of these manifestations is, of course, the same. Once admit that there is something mysterious, miraculous, about the priesthood, and it becomes legitimate to surround it with all the accessories which superstition can devise. If the Communion Service is a daily miracle, it is natural enough to invest it with all the pomp of ritual and art, with every attribute of mystery and awe. If the curate who reads the services has indeed those powers which common men have not, by all means confess to him, bow and kneel before him, decorate him in all the panoply of vestments that awe-struck piety can devise. These forms and ornaments, in themselves so trifling, acquire in that event a meaning and a fitness which they would not otherwise possess. Of course, once he has entered on this path, the ritualist's progress is rapid. From gaudy vestments to banners and processions the transition is easy. The cross is carried in procession. The cross is then adored. In the end, perhaps, the cross comes to be regarded as a relic, and the worship that it symbolises is lost sight of in the worship of itself. Generally no harm is intended by these practices. They attract sightseers. They interest the performers. They make religion more spectacular, more dramatic in its effect. The music and the banners, the tapers and the incense, all heighten the appeal to the senses, and many clergymen are, no doubt, more successful in appealing to their congregations' senses than they would ever be in appealing to their heads. Besides, mediævalism has come into fashion. Some good men apparently find pleasure in dressing themselves like mediæval friars, and some good women in dressing themselves like nuns. It is a form of advertisement, and not more blamable than most. If these things are due in part to the vanity of the performers, they are due still more to the emotionalism of a public who, even in religion, require to be amused. It is not that the age is really more superstitious, but simply that it is more bent upon sensation, more morbid, more determined to stimulate its jaded nerves. Ritualism is, in fact, only a form of decadence, endeavouring to move men through their senses when their intellects have ceased to act. For our own part, we do not doubt that this phase will pass. The Reformation, after all, to the great mass of English people was not so much a quarrel with the Papacy or a doctrinal schism, as a reaction against priestcraft in favour of the claims of common-sense. The religion which is founded on common-sense is stronger than the religion which depends upon the senses, and we have no doubt that in the English people it will prevail against the latter, as it has done before. We think, however, that the Church of England would be saved some serious scandals, if the Bishops would remind their clergy that the powers they claim and the postures they indulge in are of less importance than the Gospel which they preach.

INSURANCE.

THE International Congress of Actuaries which has brought to our shores so many leading foreign and colonial experts in the theory and practice of life assurance, and which has stirred the accustomed silence of Staple Inn Hall with five consecutive days of highly scientific debate, has not, we imagine, aroused any great amount of interest except in insurance circles, where, of course, the matters submitted to investigation are closely pertinent to the vitality and development of business, and are therefore more keenly followed and more exactly comprehended. But if the subjects of discussion are somewhat too recondite for the general taste, the outcome of such discussions, the ultimate work of the actuary, tending as it does to enlarge the scope and ameliorate the conditions of insurance, can hardly be altogether removed from public interest. The officials of our life assurance companies, for instance, testify day by day to the increasing knowledge of insurance affairs exhibited in all grades of society, more particularly in the commercial classes. The casual business man no longer swallows his insurance policy in blind faith, an unexamined bolus. He asks cogent—and sometimes awkward—questions, requires estimates of profits, institutes comparisons with rival concerns, and, not uncommonly, has something to say about the advantages of a ten per cent. expense ratio or a three per cent. net premium valuation! With this experience to guide us, it is clear that the *Daily Telegraph* must be taken as wholly humorous in meaning and intent in a recent statement that "most people know as much about an actuary as they do about a Beef-eater; he is as great a mystery as a chartered accountant." Now, this is not flattering to the actuary, who objects to be dimly conceived as a sort of human arithmometer, and is also uncomplimentary to "most people," who really seem to be fairly well-informed on the subject. Dark and complex as may be the ways of the actuary when he enters the purely mathematical field,

one does not need a fellowship of the Institute to know something of his position in the insurance world and of the functions which he is called upon to perform. The intelligent "man in the street" has now come to regard the actuary partly as a sort of financial physician to his company and partly as a skilled "calculator," holding the scales of equity between the office as salesman and the insurant as purchaser; and though this estimate of his position leaves room for various important amplifications, it is a very much more dignified and definite presentment than the *Daily Telegraph* in its mirth would set in the minds of an unthinking community.

Reverting to the International Congress, then, the deliberations of this body, if not followed with interest outside the insurance world, are, at least, likely to produce valuable material which, in the hands of a skilled body of actuaries, may be eventually used to further the interests of the insuring public as well as to increase sensibly the power and prestige of actuarial science. The Congress certainly was not wanting in collective power. Delegates from France, Germany, Russia, Spain, and Belgium, from the United States of America, New Zealand, and other countries, attended the meeting, and nearly fifty items were set down in the official agenda for consideration and discussion. On the whole, the promise of novelty and variety was sufficiently realised; but it would be idle to deny here that the papers read not only varied considerably in quality—as, indeed, might have been expected in such a miscellany—but that the actual subjects selected for exposition often fell short of that high importance which the occasion seemed to demand. Actuarial science, like every other, has its pedants and formalists, and the series of discourses before the Congress, including communications on such weighty and far-reaching matters of interest as Old Age Pensions, Friendly Society Organisation, Compensation for Workmen's Accidents, and Legislation (affecting life assurance contracts and life assurance companies), exhibits one or two intersticiary items which might well have been relegated — for the time being, at least — to the limbo of unsolved conundrums. Matters of prominent international importance, however, received every possible consideration and respect. Of these the great problem of Old Age Pensions, vast, complex, beset with social and economic difficulties, drew perhaps the greatest number of attentive listeners, our own actuaries welcoming with gratitude the valuable views and experiences of their Continental *confrères*. Particular attention, too, was paid to the very interesting communications on the subject of Workmen's Accidents in Belgium, France, Germany, Spain and Russia respectively; it being generally recognised here that, with the new Workmen's Compensation Act coming into force at so early a date, too much information cannot be collected to guide and facilitate the successful working of this practically unexploited branch of insurance.

The President of the Congress, Mr. T. E. Young (who is also President of the Institute of Actuaries), spoke at considerable length; and one passage from his opening address may not unfitly be referred to in conclusion as an able summary of the aims and ideals which should dominate an international meeting of this character. Dealing with the inherent possibilities of the Congress and surveying the range and diversity of subjects submitted, Mr. Young declined to assign any limit to the direction and utility of their common work. He submitted that the contributions before them "conclusively proved that their compass of power was in no degree restrained within the confined region of purely actuarial interests; but that, on the contrary, their principles and methods, which through a prolonged and eventful history had been finely fashioned and perfected, possessed a pliancy and competency of application which attested a distinctive capacity of service in the domain of the economist, the statesman, and the social reformer." With such high aims to stimulate them, he looked to this and similar Congresses to produce a consolidation of the actuarial profession throughout the world, and to the energetic combination of its members in one scientific yet practical commonwealth.

FINANCE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech at Birmingham at the end of last week has weighed upon the market ever since. It has practically put an end to all new business. It is remarkable that even the sensation created at home and abroad has not so far affected the home trade. In spite of all adverse influences, in spite of all anxieties and apprehension, the home trade goes on growing and improving every day. Even the South Wales coal strike has not apparently injured it much, just as the great dispute in the engineering trade, though it unquestionably stopped business in many quarters, yet did not prevent the general prosperity of the country from augmenting week by week. But the foreign trade unquestionably is quieter, while everything like new enterprises is held in check. It is well known that new loans and new companies are prepared, and would be brought out in very large numbers if the time was favourable; but nobody is inclined to subscribe at a moment like this. Lord Salisbury's Primrose League oration made an unfavourable impression. His speech to the bankers in the middle of last week had a still greater effect, perhaps because it was not published, and the variations given by those who heard it had the greater effect because of their vagueness. Mr. Chamberlain's performance at Birmingham, following so quickly, completely alarmed the City, and it is noticeable that, mixed up with the alarm, there is a good deal of irritation. The language used, especially towards Russia, is disapproved, and the profession of a desire to take the public into the confidence of the Government, while every hint as to the real dangers is kept back, is severely criticised. The irritation is perhaps the more natural because those who are specially connected with France believe that there is a much greater chance now than there has been for a long time past to come to an understanding with that country. Financial institutions in the City are convinced that there is a growing dissatisfaction in France with the Russian alliance, while a suspicion has sprung up that this country has been led into dangerous adventures in West Africa which ought to have been avoided. This speech, for the time being, has thrown everything else into the background. Very little attention is paid even to the war between the United States and Spain. Even the disturbances in Italy and Spain are passed over in a way that would have been impossible at another time, and the Transvaal for the moment is quite forgotten. Under these circumstances speculation is absolutely at a standstill, while even investment is on a much smaller scale than has been known for a long time. The Stock Markets in the United States are active. Prices are well maintained, partly because of a complete and early success, and partly because of the great profits that have been made consequent upon the rise in the price of wheat. But there is scarcely anything doing here, unless when American capitalists buy American securities in this market.

The Birmingham speech at first inclined bankers to limit the accommodation then given to their customers, but during the past few days money has become much more abundant and rates have decidedly declined. Bankers, at first alarmed, have come to see that there is no immediate danger. Besides, Japan has been paying up considerable sums for ships and munitions of war made in this country; and lastly, immense amounts of gold have come in

from abroad. For the time being the shipments of gold to New York have ceased, and gold is coming from Japan instead of going thither. Moreover, the report that Japan was about to borrow £15,000,000 is contradicted. It is at all events declared to be premature. Permission has not been given by the Japanese Parliament for such a loan, and though a Bill for that purpose might at any moment be brought in, it is not likely that actual borrowing will take place for some time yet. Lastly, there is a growing belief that the Currency Committee will not approve of the Indian Government's proposal for giving it authority to borrow up to 20 millions sterling for establishing a gold standard in India. Under these circumstances, it is not thought likely that much gold will leave the country for some time yet. In the meanwhile, the Bank of England is exceedingly strong, and as it has control of the outside market, we can or, at all events, ought to be able to raise rates effectually if the need for doing so should arise. At the same time it should not be forgotten that the rise in wheat is giving command over our own Money Market, to an unusual extent, to the United States, India, and Argentina. Whether they will take gold of course remains to be seen, but there can be no doubt that they can take gold if they choose. United States capitalists are buying American securities in this market on a large scale just now, and that no doubt prevents gold from going to New York. But if political apprehension should abate, speculation in American securities may spring up here, and then we should owe much money not only for wheat and other commodities, but for the securities that we should buy. Another point not to be lost sight of is that the iron and steel trades are exceptionally active, and as the supplies of iron ore are small it may be necessary to import unusual amounts by-and-by, and that may lead to gold shipments; while, lastly, the war is leading to an extraordinary demand for coal on the part of the United States and Spain, the result of which ought not to be neglected. The stringency in India continues as great as ever, and if the export of wheat remain large is likely to continue so for some weeks yet. Naturally, therefore, the demand for Council drafts is strong. On Wednesday the Council offered for tender 60 lacs, and sold the whole amount at rates ranging from 1s. $3\frac{31}{32}$d. to 1s. $4\frac{3}{32}$d. per rupee, about $8\frac{1}{4}$ lacs in bills, and the remainder in telegraphic transfers. Subsequently the Council sold by private tender about $\frac{2}{3}$ of a lac at 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—If we are not in a dangerous position, so far as our foreign relations are concerned, it is at least evident that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues wish to make us think that we are. Yesterday everybody was asking what the Prime Minister really said, and what he meant in his long speech at the bankers' dinner. The general opinion was that some new difficulty had arisen to justify the extreme pessimism of Lord Salisbury. To-day we have a fresh portent in Mr. Chamberlain's speech. It is even more alarmist in tone than any of the reported utterances of his chief. Out of the words of the Colonial Secretary, taken in conjunction with the language used of late at different times by his colleagues, two facts may be deduced. The first is that Ministers are so full of anger against Russia that they are prepared to contemplate war with that country with something like eagerness. The other is that they think the time has arrived when we must put an end to the legend of our "splendid isolation," and seek allies who may join with us in resisting the further encroachments of Russia. I take it that the allies of whom Mr. Chamberlain speaks are Germany and the United States. One need say nothing of the latter at this moment; but if the Colonial Secretary was really referring to an alliance with Germany in the closing sentences of his significant speech last night, the Emperor William may credit himself with the greatest victory he has yet achieved. For years past he has been seeking to drive Great Britain into the Triple Alliance. Now, thanks to the feebleness and short-sightedness of Lord Salisbury, it would seem that he has at last succeeded in his endeavour.

Mr. Chamberlain had nothing to say about the election in Norfolk. It is only necessary to note here that this astounding victory for Liberalism was not credited when the news first reached London. It was regarded as impossible that there could have been so revolutionary a change in the constituency. This is undoubtedly the most smashing blow Ministers have yet received, and it is certain to have a distinct effect, not merely upon their fortunes, but upon their policy.

Sunday.—There was really only one topic of conversation at the clubs last night. That was the speech of the Colonial Secretary. It was interpreted by a few as meaning that Ministers, seeing how their party is falling away from them, are trying to frighten it back into its allegiance. This may be so; but the majority of politicians look upon the speech, coupled with that of the Prime Minister, in another light, and fear that we are being led blindly into some grave danger the exact nature of which Ministers dare not reveal to us. The idea that there is anything in the state of affairs on the West Coast of Africa that should lead to war with France does not seem to be entertained by anyone except Mr. Chamberlain and the *Spectator*, which now seems to act as his mouthpiece. The general belief is that if there is danger, it is to be found in some fresh developments in the Far East.

I see that the *Spectator* devotes another article to bitter disparagement of Lord Rosebery. This is a compliment to the ex-Premier which he will not fail to appreciate. It is well known that there is no one more anxious to secure his permanent exclusion from public life than the Colonial Secretary. Fortunately, the future of Liberal statesmen does not rest in the hands either of Mr. Chamberlain or the *Spectator*.

Monday.—The commotion produced by Mr. Chamberlain's speech has now spread all over the civilised world. If the Colonial Secretary merely wished to make a noise for the purpose of self-advertisement, he may be congratulated upon a very brilliant success. But that is clearly the only success he has achieved. The more closely the speech is examined the more mischievous it is seen to be. It has even damaged us with the Americans, whom Mr. Chamberlain wooed in so boisterous a fashion. It is impossible for this speech to pass without notice in the House of Commons, and questions will doubtless be asked regarding it. To alienate Russia, frighten France, and bring down upon us the gibes of Germany by half an hour's foolish talk, is an achievement of which a reasonable man would scarcely be proud. Yet this is what the "statesman" of Birmingham has succeeded in doing.

In the meantime the air is full of wild rumours. An ultimatum to France, the calling out of the reserves—nothing seems to be too extravagant for popular consumption. All this perturbation we owe to Mr. Chamberlain's speech. No wonder people are bewildered by his folly!

Tuesday.—The effects of the Birmingham speech were plainly to be seen in the House of Commons last night. Mr. Chamberlain's vanity has, of course, received an immense gratification from the attention that has been directed to him. A more sensitive man might possibly feel that the attention was not altogether flattering. But Mr. Chamberlain is not sensitive, and he would rather become as notorious as Professor Holloway, of ointment fame, than have to remain as little known to the vulgar public as Mr. Herbert Spencer. Still, even Mr. Chamberlain

must recognise the fact that the judgment passed upon him by many who belong to his own party, and who are compelled to follow him into the division lobby, is not a friendly one. Yesterday there was open talk of a possible rupture in the Cabinet among Tory members. "If it had been —— or —— who had made that speech," said one good party man, naming two of the lesser lights of the Ministry, "he would have been kicked out of the Cabinet by this time." But as the pushing Mr. Chamberlain was the sinner, my friend seemed to think that nobody—not even Lord Salisbury—would have the courage to resist him. The *Standard* this morning is sententiously scornful on the subject of his speech. It loves him just as much as it loved him when it was against Mr. Forster or Mr. Gladstone that he was employing the methods of trade rivalry he acquired in humbler days. But secure in his imperturbable self-conceit, Mr. Chamberlain seems to hold his own against all comers. I can only say "seems," for we have not yet seen the end, and the end may be an unexpected one.

Sir William Harcourt scored last night with his happy phrase in reference to "the Birmingham foreign policy"—Brummagem is not, I suppose, a Parliamentary word. But a single smart sentence is not enough for the occasion, and the experience of the last two years has led his followers to the conclusion that they can hope for nothing more from Sir William. The severest critics of Mr. Chamberlain, however, are the Stock Exchanges of Europe. He has thrown them into a panic, and they hate him accordingly.

Wednesday.—The mystery of Mr. Chamberlain's speech deepens and darkens, and people were asking even more anxiously after Lord Salisbury's speech last night than before it what it really meant. That Lord Salisbury snubbed Mr. Chamberlain, and hinted that he did not know very much about the subject on which he talked so freely to his Birmingham audience, was evident. But the snub was delivered almost *sotto voce*, and one cannot therefore draw any particular deduction from it as to the future. Yesterday the talk in the afternoon was all of a Cabinet crisis and the resignation of —— Well, at that point, Messrs. Tadpole and Taper came to a full stop. *Was* it Mr. Chamberlain or somebody else who was going? Nobody could tell. In this Ministry of invertebrates the whole thing may yet blow over; but more than ever the wise of all parties unite in denouncing the Birmingham speech as having been the most foolish and wantonly mischievous utterance that ever fell from the lips of a British politician.

As the morning papers truly tell us, the wild gossip about the Cabinet was exchanged only too quickly for talk on the sorrowful news from Hawarden. Everywhere, in lobby, club, street, and drawing-room, there was only one name on the lips of men, and it was uttered in one accent only. A great sense of solemnity seemed suddenly to brood over London last night as though all its millions had been summoned to be present at the passing of that mighty soul. Words are of no avail in such a moment as this. We can only bow our heads and thank God for the great man who has been with us so long—ay, and for his happy release from the sufferings of these later months. I am old enough to remember the public feeling when the Duke of Wellington died. It was not comparable to that which has been evoked by the news from Hawarden.

Thursday.—Never has England in our time presented the scene which has been witnessed yesterday and to-day. It is a great politician, a great party leader, whom we have lost; but so commanding has been his genius, so strong his hold upon his fellow-men, that—to their honour be it said—his political opponents seemed to sorrow almost as deeply as his friends and followers, whilst on all sides there is the amplest recognition of the fact that in Mr. Gladstone we lose "the greatest of Englishmen." At last his fellow-countrymen know him, and this truce of God that has accompanied his last hours, this instinctive hushing of the voice of controversy as in the very chamber of death itself, is the noblest tribute ever paid to a political leader. With such a tribute even the jealous affection of those who entertained for Mr. Gladstone such a deep personal affection cannot but be satisfied.

[The publication of this diary is temporarily suspended owing to the absence of the writer from England.]

BRITISH POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We venture to reprint the first of the numerous contributions of Mr. Gladstone to The Speaker—his article on contemporary British Poetry. We do so because, beside its intrinsic merits, it contains special reference to that poem by Cardinal Newman from which he drew so much comfort during his last illness. The lines which he constantly repeated to himself amid his sufferings we append to the Article.

THE simultaneous emission, by two men holding the several positions of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning, when eighty and seventy-eight years old respectively, of new volumes of poetry, is an event which has been touched with pathos by the short illness and unexpected death of the younger of the two poets. In the mere matter of vitality, it tells much for the individuals, something perhaps also for the English race.

> "Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recursat
> Gentis honos." *

Though the memory of Goethe is still fresh in retrospect, yet the retention of poetic fire and vigour, after an unwearying exercise of the gift for sixty years, is an event extremely rare. In some measure it marks an epoch. Let us then cry halt for the moment, and comment on the position of this country with reference to its poetry during the century, of which the shadows are now lengthening so fast. It seems to be such as to merit a careful survey, of which these necessarily brief remarks may serve at least to suggest an outline. If the office of the poet be the most creative of all human functions, then it is also, I apprehend, the surest witness to the actual vigour of the national life, and its general promise for the future.

In the first place we have to record, distinctly and beyond question, a great poetic age. Before the century was thirty years old, it had added six names, the greatness of which may now be taken as established by a sufficiency of consent, to the poetry of Britain, and also of the world. It will at once be understood that the reference is to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats. In presenting these names, we drop others very far from inconsiderable, such as Southey, Moore, Campbell, and a goodly company in their train. It would be hard, among the six, to adjudge the primacy. The contest would principally lie between Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron. If Continental opinion were to prevail, Byron would bear the palm. But apart from this question of preference, on the whole it seems indubitable, that in this first fraction of the century a great poetic age had been constituted.

Now this is of itself a remarkable fact, when we consider that English poetry dates from Chaucer its early manhood. Even its beginnings were flushed with the coming glory, as those may see who will

* Æn. iv. 3.

consult the charming volume of "Poems from the Dawn of British Literature" published in 1863. But from Chaucer's day we measure over four and a half centuries. That is a long term for the poetic bloom of a nation. It is perhaps without a parallel in the history of man, for it has been upon the whole a continuous life, though with ascending and descending elevation. If we exclude Homer, who was severed by an unbridged gulf of centuries from the classic period, Greece herself, beginning in the seventh century B.C., does not match it. Rome still less. Of the great modern literatures, that of Germany has thus far been the shortest, for it may be said to lie within the years embraced by the life of Goethe. I do not reckon Heinrich Heine, who can scarcely be associated with the national life of his country, and of whom, on his demise, Thiers is reported to have said that "the wittiest Frenchman of his generation was dead." Italy is a more formidable competitor; for setting out with Guido Cavalcanti and other predecessors of Dante, she has had an undoubted resurrection in the age which has given birth to the genius of Manzoni and of Leopardi. Yet this was a resurrection. There had been before this century an intermission of poetry of a high order for nearly two centuries; and upon the whole this country may perhaps without vain-glory challenge the world for the marvellously sustained vitality of its poetic genius.

It would indeed be perilous to attempt stating with particularity the extent to which the last sixty years have added to the great and durable performances of the preceding thirty. But manifestly it has been an immense addition. The state of contemporary judgment on the whole does not leave any doubt that for this period of history Lord Tennyson heads the band of the Immortals. And that illustrious man will bequeath to us at least one lesson which the very last and least of us may learn, in the loyalty, constancy, and intensity of his devotion to his calling. Probably no English poet, except it be Wordsworth, has paid so intense and absorbing a devotion to his muse.

Pressing round or upon him, or walking in the same path, we have had many true poets, some of extraordinary and many of very considerable powers. Among those claiming the first of these descriptions I have mentioned Mr. Browning; and the merest justice requires me to add at least the name of Mr. Swinburne. Beyond this, it would be vain in a paper like this either further to enumerate or to classify, or to refer particularly to those legions of the middling and the bad, who constitute, as it were, the camp-followers of the genuine poetic army. I pass on to some points deserving notice, and capable of being briefly handled.

And first, remarkable additions have been made to the train of Sappho. In my youth, much was thought of the pure and gentle strains of Mrs. Hemans. But stars are blotted out by suns: and she is as a thing of the past. The same observation may apply in its degree to the Tragedies of Joanna Baillie. Of the poetesses of the last fifty years, I shall venture to name a certain number, placing Mrs. Browning at the head of them.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI,
ADELAIDE PROCTER,
JEAN INGELOW,
EMILY BRONTË,
LADY C. ELLIOT,
MISS NADEN,

and finally, the anonymous

"V." (MRS. ARCHER CLIVE.)

This list of eight, which does not include Mrs. Alexander, or Lady Nairne, or George Eliot—whose light in verse, however, is but a lunar light—or others who might be named, is by no means exhaustive. As the four last names have not perhaps attained all the celebrity which is their due, I will refer to single specimens of power which seem to me to establish their several claims to high distinction.

Lady Charlotte Elliot was cut off by an early death. Her poems, which I have only known in a single volume, are as beautiful as they are Christian. I will refer to but one among them, "Rosebud and Ragweed."

Of Miss Naden—the sad news of whose death reaches us as these lines are going to press—I will only cite "The Pantheist's Song of Immortality," a short but singularly powerful production. In the case of Miss Emily Brontë, I will name "Remembrance." Lastly, the poems by "V." form a small book which has the life and soul of a great book. To be as good as my word, I will name only "The Queen's Ball."

Upon the whole it may perhaps be allowable to say not only that the British poetesses of the last sixty years have developed in numerous instances splendid powers, but even that they are as a whole without a parallel in literary history.

I come next to the company, not a small one, which I shall term that of blighted or unacknowledged poets. *Proxima deinde tenent mœsti loca.* They are men who have produced works of real truth and power, but have never earned fame, or even struggled into notice. To name them, under this description, would not be to render them the honour they deserve. With most of them the fountain has been choked, or has been frozen by cold obstruction, and has ceased to flow. In many, perhaps most, cases the sale of their works has not paid for the printing. We really seem to be in the condition well known in the market of manufactured goods: the supply exceeds the demand. Much, which ought to be remembered, is in danger of being forgotten. Where this is the case, the true and permanent remedy ought to be found not in the contraction of the supply, but in the enlargement of the demand.

Lastly, I have to introduce for a moment on the stage the body of clergy-poets. Their poetry is largely religious; and they have done enough to vindicate the poetry of devotion even against Dr. Johnson, if it was really his intention to proscribe it. But this character is very far indeed from being exclusive in their works.

In the first portion of this century, I conceive that Crabbe, Heber, Milman, and Wolfe, the author of the dirge on Sir John Moore, made good their title as poets, if not as great poets. Behind them stood Cary (the translator of Dante), Colton, and Bowles, on whom we need not dwell. During the sixty years with which I have mainly dealt, higher and wider claims have been established. Wider, for I believe that we might name nearly thirty clergymen of the nineteenth century, belonging to the English nation, who have not been mere verse-writers, but poets great or small. I hope it will not be denied that the author of the "Dream of Gerontius" (now nearing its thirtieth edition) is a great poet. In the line of religious poetry, I will only here further mention Keble and Faber; the latter, however, principally for his most remarkable production which is not devotional, "The Old Labourer." Tennyson, Turner, Charles Kingsley, Hawker, Barnes, and Griffiths (the author of "Short Poems and In Memoriam—1869") show the clergy to be strong in the non-clerical domain. Bishop Alexander has his rightful place there: and the late Lord Houghton said laughingly of his friend Archbishop Trench that "the unregenerate poems were the best." I think the claim of the fourteen persons I have named cannot well be disputed. Many others might be added. So far as I know, no such *corps* of clergy-poets can be shown by any age or country. If this be so, and if what I have said of the poetic office be true, we seem to have here a striking proof that the clergy as a whole have been in close harmony with the nation, and have for their numbers largely partaken in the very innermost of its life.

And so farewell to the departing age of poetry. We cannot with reason hope that such a level will

be continuously sustained. Nature must have rest. But hope we may, and not unreasonably, that the retiring sun will "trick his beams" and yet again

"Flame in the forehead of the morning sky."

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,—
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and His very self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

J. H. NEWMAN.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY COMMISSION BILL.

FEW measures have been more thoroughly discussed outside Parliament than the Bill for reconstituting London University that now awaits its second reading in the House of Commons. On Presentation Day, May 11th, Lord Herschell, as Chancellor of the University, dispelled in right judicial fashion some of the most prevalent errors in regard to the measure. But the limits of his address made it impossible for him to deal with all of them; and a Note* just published upon the present Bill in view of the pending Senatorial election is therefore very opportune. The London University as at present constituted is an Imperial examining Board offering to all comers tests of their knowledge, without regard to the manner or place of their training, except in the Faculty of Medicine, in which specified courses of study at certain recognised institutions are required. Its government is entirely in the hands of the Senate, consisting of thirty-six members, three-fourths appointed directly by the Crown, and the remaining fourth on the nomination of Convocation. The members of this body have always been men of eminence and distinction, but only a very small number of them have been directly concerned with University education and University modes of teaching: there has thus been no machinery for keeping the examination syllabuses in touch with the advance of knowledge, as is shown by the fact that the syllabuses of the Faculty of Science remained unrevised from 1876 to 1897, and even when the revision was effected it had to be brought about by special and "scratch" Boards of Studies, consisting of such Senators as were competent in the respective branches of knowledge, of the present examiners, and of a number of specialists. Syllabuses revised by such a body are inevitably lacking in character, being compromises between conflicting aims. It is significant that every teaching corporation of any note has shown a notable eagerness to be free from the necessity of teaching in accordance with the London syllabuses. The northern Colleges are now combined in the Victoria University, in which teaching and examination go hand in hand; so are the Welsh Colleges in the University of Wales. Meantime the great London Colleges, the originals and prototypes of the University Colleges throughout the kingdom, have been hampered and hindered by the want of any co-ordinating authority, and still more by the fetters imposed by the antiquated syllabuses of the London University. In spite of these hindrances the London Colleges and Medical Schools, more especially University College, have upheld in a very remarkable manner the highest ideal of University work: they have not been content merely to impart to their students what is already known, but they have trained their men in such a manner as to lead them to original investigation, with the result that the amount of original work done in institutions of University rank in London not only equals but in many cases exceeds that produced by the older seats of learning. These institutions are therefore fully justified in asking for organisation and authoritative recognition. Moreover, it is only in the capital of the empire that a great modern University can be established—one which will do even more for the empire than the Universities of Berlin, Leipsic, or Hamburg do for Germany. The two ancient Universities are unique, and have a work to do that is peculiarly their own. But there is a work, especially in science and medicine, and to a certain extent in the humanities, in modern languages, and in educational method, that can be done nowhere so well as in London.

Now, both the Royal Commissions that have sat on this question have decided in favour of the addition to the functions of the existing London University of others that shall enable it, while continuing its present work under improved conditions, to organise and develop the higher teaching of London. Both front benches have given the weight of their sanction to these decisions. The present Bill is designed to appoint a Statutory Commission to reconstitute the University and endow it with these dual functions; it moreover establishes certain features of the new constitution that are approved by the teaching corporations of London and by those who are specially interested in maintaining the existing Imperial examination-work. The Senate is to be reconstituted, but it will remain the supreme governing body of the University. Of its fifty-six members, eighteen will be appointed by the graduates who are members of Convocation; thirteen by the Privy Council (4), Inns of Court and Incorporated Law Society (6), London County Council (2), Corporation of London (1); nine will be representatives of the governing bodies of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, University College and King's College, and the City and Guilds Institute, while the remaining sixteen will be the representatives of the University teachers elected by the Faculties. Such a body should be excellent from the administrative point of view. The work of the University will be devolved upon standing committees of the Senate, the executive, however, resting with the Senate itself. The work of organising and developing the higher teaching of London will be committed to the Academic Council, the Faculties and Boards of Studies. These will mainly, but not exclusively, consist of the teachers of the University. The Academic Council will be, under the Senate, responsible for the curricula in the schools of the University; and inasmuch as examining will be the outcome of teaching, it will be in the hands of the Academic Council. There will of course be only *one* set of examinations for students in the schools of the University, and the extent to which

* Note on the occasion, effect, and expediency of the Compromise embodied in the London University Commission Bill, 1898. By some Members of the Convocation who took part in negotiating it in the interests of the present work of the University. (Issued to members of the Convocation of the University in view of the pending election to the Senate.)

any individual teacher will examine his own students can therefore hardly be greater than at present. There is no fear, as Mr. Fletcher Moulton seems to expect, that each teacher will examine his own pupils.

The continuation and maintenance of a system of examinations open to all comers will be in the hands of the Council for External Students, of which the senators elected by Convocation will be members, and which will be of equal rank and importance with the Academic Council. The business of this Council will be to deal with the syllabuses or codes of examinations for external students; in fact, to do the work that the Senate has hitherto been unable to do adequately. In this way the mere examination work of the University will be improved, while the important functions of the organisation and correlation of the highest education of London in all its branches will be secured. That these new functions imply the creation of new institutions for University teaching and the addition of new professorial chairs, new lectureships and demonstratorships seems to us to go without saying; but the opponents of the Bill have repeatedly tried to give the contrary impression. The Bill indeed contains no such provision, but the scheme (Cowper Commission Report) does. The Bill aims at appointing Commissioners to reconstitute the University, not to do the work of the University; the University authority once constituted will decide how the teaching resources of London are to be reorganised and how they are to be supplemented. A subject on which the opponents of the Bill lay special stress is the question of separate examinations for external and internal students. To provide for separate examinations with the dual function the University will possess is absolutely essential, and is especially necessary in the interests of the external student. There is no necessity for the examinations to be different, and we feel convinced that the tendency will be for the Council of External Students and the Academic Council so to work together as finally to evolve a unity of aim as well as of form in examination. This provision is therefore one of the necessities of the transition stage through which the University must pass, and is at the same time a safeguard to its present work.

Under these circumstances we trust that members of Parliament on both sides will support the Bill; if they want reliable information let them read the note to which we have referred. In the Senatorial Election which is fixed for Tuesday next, May 24th, Dr. Bourne Benson, a distinguished graduate of London and one who knows the whole history of the reconstitution movement, is standing as a supporter of the Bill; Mr. Fletcher Moulton, who has only recently taken any part in the question, is standing as the candidate of the Defence Association to maintain the present state of things. Graduates who care for the future of their University should not hesitate to support Dr. Benson.

THE NEW "THACKERAY."

"MY father never wished for any biography of himself to be written, and for this reason I have never attempted to write one." This does not prevent Mrs. Ritchie from contributing biographical notes to the new edition of Thackeray, and it did not prevent her from telling very interesting stories about her father in her volume of "Memories." By the time she has finished her introductions to his books she may be surprised by the dimensions of the biography which she has not attempted to write. "It is only after a quarter of a century that I have determined to publish memories which chiefly concern his books." No doubt, and yet already in the notes to "Pendennis" Mrs. Ritchie confesses that the bulk of them have very little to do with that novel. There are entertaining scraps of letters about Thackeray's life at school and college. How delightful a letter-writer he was we all know from the Brookfield correspondence. His daughter gives some extracts from his letters to his mother, together with a number of intimate details which are biographical or nothing. To his parents, from the earliest days, as to his friends and to the public, Thackeray wrote with that incomparable negligence of high breeding which gives his style its pre-eminent distinction. This was hidden from some of his contemporaries. Mrs. Ritchie tells a delicious anecdote of a visit she paid with her father in Devonshire to the original of Madame Fribsby in "Pendennis." This old lady did not care for Thackeray's books, and lectured him on the inferiority of his style to Richardson's. "Sir Charles Grandison" was her model of rhetoric and deportment. "As she waved friendly farewells from her cottage, she bade us remember Sir Charles's dignity, his grace, his enchanting majesty of demeanour. As for her advice to my father, I am not sure she did not desire him to buy a periwig and buckles, and wear them from that time forth."

Clearly, Mrs. Ritchie is a born biographer, excelling, moreover, in the art of writing a biography without knowing it. Her sense of filial duty moults no feather, and yet everyone who loves her father's writings profits by the daughter's irresistible temptation to reveal more and more of the man. She is quite alive to his weaknesses. Thackeray's extreme sensitiveness provoked that half-admiring, half-pitying outbreak from Carlyle. "Few people," says Mrs. Ritchie, "took blame to heart more keenly than did my father." "Pendennis" did not "escape criticism, and the *Examiner* especially found fault with his descriptions of literary life, and accused him of trying to win favour with the non-literary classes by decrying his own profession." The point is of no moment now. The examinings of the *Examiner* have long ceased to inspire disquiet, while Captain Shandon's immortal prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is still read with the keenest relish by literary people, who see no outrage on their profession in the fact that the impecunious Irishman wrote it in a debtors' prison. It is quaint at this time of day to find Thackeray indignantly protesting against the insinuation that it was his "wilful and insidious design to flatter the non-literary class." "My attempt was to tell the truth, and to tell it not unkindly." We all understand now that it was the truth of that period, which is so remote that it wrings no withers. To-day Captain Shandon would write his prospectus in the smoking-room of a club, surrounded by the admiring financiers who proposed to run the new journal. If a great novelist were to describe the gallant Captain in this society, he would not be accused of flattering the non-literary class, who, in these days of company-promoting, would be delighted to make the acquaintance of Shandon's syndicate.

In one of his letters Thackeray says he has been reading old Dumas nine hours on end, and sighs with envy over the Frenchman's "knack of putting a story together." There is little sign of that knack in "Pendennis." The Fotheringay episode is admirable, though some lovers of the drama have accused Thackeray of flattering ladies who cannot act by making the divine Emily as stupid as an owl. But when the story drops into the mock-melodrama of Colonel Altamont it tries the author's patience as sorely as the reader's. Thackeray laughs at it openly in the preface. He could afford this rather dangerous mirth because the book contains some of his imperishable characters. Major Pendennis's costume is out of date, but in all other respects he is as much alive and abreast of society as when he sat at breakfast reading those invitations which excited envy in the bosom of Glowry, the Scotch surgeon. "One fine morning in the full London 'season'"—so runs the opening sentence of "Pendennis"—"Major Arthur Pendennis came over from his lodgings, according to his custom, to breakfast at

a certain club in Pall Mall, of which he was a chief ornament." That club was the Reform, and "that table—by the fire and yet near the window"—which became his by prescriptive right, remains one of the classic corners of London. "Vanity Fair," historically, is much further away from us than "Pendennis," but where is the touch of age in any part of it? The story is the best he ever wrote; it has a tragic force he never approached again save in "Esmond"; it is "grim," as Mrs. Ritchie says, but its intellectual resource is so varied and so sure as to fill us even now with wonder. When he was writing "Vanity Fair," Thackeray rioted in his strength, though the general neglect of this masterpiece at first made the publishers seriously consider whether they should discontinue the "yellow numbers" which so few people cared to read! Mrs. Ritchie tells us how she and her sister, crossing Kensington Gardens with some of these numbers for a friend of the family, were stopped by her father, who seemed to think it a useless errand. Perhaps the friend of the family was like the old lady in Devonshire who could not endure any style beneath the dignity of Sir Charles Grandison, and she must have been a near relative of the spinster in "Cranford" who compared a young man named Dickens very unfavourably with Dr. Johnson. Critics of that type may have been offended by the humorous presentment of Miss Barbara Pinkerton, who formed Amelia but could not reform Becky, and introduced governesses to the notice of her patrons in terms which were equally Johnsonian and worldly wise. "Miss Tuffin, who is the daughter of the late Reverend Thomas Tuffin (Fellow of Corpus College, Cambridge), can instruct in the Syriac language and the elements of Constitutional Law. But as she is only eighteen years of age, and of exceedingly pleasing personal appearance, perhaps this young lady may be objectionable in Sir Huddleston Fuddleston's family. Miss Letitia Hawky, on the other hand, is not personally well-favoured. She is twenty-nine; her face is much pitted with the small-pox. She has a halt in her gait, red hair, and a trifling obliquity of vision. Both ladies are endowed with *every moral and religious virtue*."

Fifty years ago the world was slow to understand that "Vanity Fair" is one of the trophies of English prose. To-day all the characters in that marvellous story are as fresh as if they had sat for their portraits in this present year of grace. With unerring instinct Thackeray seized just those social conditions—the noble blend of a condescending aristocracy with an aspiring middle class, for example—which, amidst all the caprices of fashion, are likely to endure. That was a stroke of Balzacian insight, and that is why "Vanity Fair" is not one of the classics of a faded mode. Do we not all know Becky, or, at any rate, some passably skilful practitioners in the fine art of social achievement with small resources, so brilliantly illustrated by that superlative intriguer? Mrs. Ritchie gives us a glimpse of the original of Becky. It is said that Sir Theodore Martin, one of Thackeray's intimate friends, knew her well. If Sir Theodore would only imitate Mrs. Ritchie by writing something biographical about Thackeray which is not a biography! But Becky must have had many originals; and she is more assured of an endless posterity than any other character in Thackeray except, perhaps, Barnes Newcome.

SLIEVE LIAG.

FROM the little sheltered hollow near the mountain crest a strange hissing noise is suddenly heard. It is a blast of wind tearing fiercely through the dry heather and whistling among the rocks of jagged schist. The sky darkens ominously. Grey cloud-wraiths mount the sky like the Valkyrie in their wild ride, and pour down the valley mingled with showers of stinging hail. In a moment the sunny landscape far below, the fields, the white-washed cottages, the blue sea foaming round the black rocks, are all blotted out, soon to reappear in gleaming beauty while the trailing robes of the storm sweep across Donegal Bay and spread white and chill over the Sligo mountains. Overhead there is blue sky again, and the warm sunlight once more bathes the mountain peaks. On for a few steps more—on, past the ruins of the little hermitage, and the glory of the vast sea-cliff bursts upon the sight.

It is a scene of amazing grandeur. The mountain is formed like a huge wave as it rears itself when at point to break upon the beach. From the landward side it curves gradually up to the thin and serrated crest, and there breaks steeply down to the sea in the wildest confusion of precipices, alternating with green sloping ledges, and rocks piled upon each other, or poured down in avalanches. For some three miles the wild crest of this gigantic billow overlooks the Atlantic from a height, at the highest peak, of two thousand feet. This is no great height for a mountain—though the highest in England is not twice as high—but it is a tremendous cliff. "Shakespeare's Cliff," of which we have so dizzying a description in *King Lear*, is but a little mud wall compared to Slieve Liag. Set in the sea beside the promontory of Bunglass, it would not be noticed. But the sight is not merely one to make the brain swim. It is one of extraordinary beauty as well as awfulness. The colouring, formed by the brilliant green of the herbage and the rocks, white or grey, stained with red and yellow from the ochres they contain, is one of the peculiarities of Slieve Liag, and adds greatly to the magnificence of its aspect. Another fine feature is the way in which the headland called Bunglass, or the Green Mountain, juts out at right angles to the main line of the cliff, forming a little cove with precipitous sides about a thousand feet high, at the foot of which, in the innermost nook of the bay, is an exquisite bit of white strand. There is a path here by which one can go down without much difficulty and bathe in the shadow of the giant cliffs—an exciting experience. But the great wonder and glory of the scene is the expanse of ocean into which the precipices descend. For, far below one's feet the blue plain of the Atlantic stretches away into infinite distance, wrinkled with moving waves, dappled with the shadows of sailing clouds, purpled with the flying footfall of chasing gusts, fringed with white foam where it surges at the foot of the cliff wall, and filling all the air with its faint, incessant undertone, a ghost of murmuring sound. But what is the use of trying to render such a scene? Words cannot do it, paint could not do it. It must be seen, and to have seen it once is to remember it for ever.

The best way of traversing Slieve Liag is to mount by a gradual winding ascent to a point at one end of the range, and then to walk along the ridge to Bunglass. One must keep, in general, to the very highest ground, as even the landward side is too steep to walk on; but there is a path quite wide enough for all people of ordinary nerves, except at one point, where one comes to an *arête* of sloping rock called the "One Man Path." This might be dangerous to attempt in rainy weather, or with a strong breeze from the land. In connection with it there is a variant of Browning's story of the Highland gillie and the stag: a man met a wild goat midway on the path, and lay down, the goat stepping over him. On the occasion here chronicled a curious phenomenon was noticed. There was a wind blowing from seaward in violent gusts, but along the whole of the ridge there prevailed an almost perfect calm. The wind striking the cliff appeared to be carried high overhead, leaving the actual ridge in a sort of breakwater, if one may apply that expression to the atmosphere. If one attempted to throw a piece of heather down the cliff, it was immediately whirled

upwards, dropping far upon the land side, while the thrower was not conscious of any wind except upon a lower point of the ascent.

The views of the cliff obtained from this path are wonderfully varied. Sometimes one skirts a yawning chasm opening down to grassy slopes that even the mountain sheep can never reach; sometimes we are fronted by a towering peak built like the walls of a castle; sometimes we pass by a sheer precipice of unbroken and gleaming rock. At last we reach Bunglass with its level floor of green turf and its little shining tarn, and here, looking back towards the west, we see the cliff-wall soaring a thousand feet above us and descending a thousand feet below, sinking, it is said, by a sheer descent into the Atlantic as far as it rises above us. Away to the west stretches the great wall buttressed with mighty headlands of splintered rock that range one behind another, fainter and fainter in the distance till they end in the long level promontory of Malinbeg. Five hours of walking will take one over the mountain and back to the pleasant little inn at Carrick, where these lines are penned. In the lamplit room, by the fire of glowing turf, how visionary and dreamlike seems the terrible splendour of that lonely height! Perhaps it was half a dream, after all; but if so, it was of those dreams that are the better part of life.

THE OPERA.

THE Lyric Drama has, of late, been much discussed in connection with dinner and dress. The works included in the tetralogy of the *Ring der Nibelungen* being looked upon, even by the most earnest Wagnerians, as too long to be listened to continuously at one sitting, and too exhausting to be supported without sustenance between the acts, it has, under these circumstances, been determined to make each of the four "Ring" representations last six or seven hours, instead of from four and a half to five—the average time necessary. The first act of each work will be played in the afternoon, the second and the third in the evening; while between the first and second acts there will be an interval of an hour and a half for dinner and reflection. As people are ashamed to show themselves in broad daylight wearing the black and white garb reserved by custom for the evening, special and quite exceptional permission has been granted by the operatic authorities for the purchasers of tickets to appear in morning dress. This will, indeed, be an innovation, nothing like it having been known in England for the last two hundred years. The disgrace, however, will be rendered as little visible as possible. During the performance the audience will be plunged in darkness, and the question of attire will, for the time being, be deprived of all importance. After the first act the men in frock coats and shooting jackets will go out to dine; and when they return the lights will be lowered again for the second act. Between the second and third acts the sight presented in the audience deportment will doubtless be a sorry one. But the *entr'acte* will be a short one; and when the third act is over, the assembly will break up. If the principle of dining between the first and second acts of a three-act opera should meet with general approbation, we may expect arrangements of a similar kind to be adopted in connection with other forms of the drama. In modern French comedies the business of the first act is often narrated in the opening scene of the second, in order that late comers may hear what they have failed to see. This plan of construction tells severely upon those who have arrived at the beginning of the performance, and who, when the curtain rises for the second act, find themselves condemned to listen to the story of what has already taken place beneath their eyes.

Meantime the great Wagner works are being played independently; and, given as a separate piece, the *Walküre* is certainly not less beautiful than when presented as one of a series of four. The *Ring der Nibelungen* representations announced for next month, under the business direction and artistic management of Mr. Schultz-Curtius, will doubtless be excellent. But, so far as the *Walküre* is concerned, it will be difficult to improve on the performances of that work just given. Neither de Reszke, nor Nordica, nor any of the leading stars of the establishment, appeared. But the new German Siegmund and the new German Siegelinde were both admirable. The Wotan of the cast, M. Van Rooy, a Dutch artist, who greatly distinguished himself at the last Bayreuth representations, is not only a Wagnerian singer, but (what is a very different thing) a perfect vocalist. With a fine presence, an imposing demeanour, and a magnificent voice, he impersonates the Scandinavian Jupiter with true majesty. Miss Marie Brema, the representative of Brunnhilde, acts and sings with abundant energy and with some passion; and there was tenderness in the emotion she displayed in her scene with the angered Wotan, and again in the touching scene of her separation from all her surroundings and from her immortal character as a Walküre.

One of the finest performances yet heard at the Royal Opera was that of *Tristan und Isolde*, with M. Jean de Reszke and Mdme. Nordica in the two leading parts. As Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* is an opera of pretty duets, so Wagner's *Tristan* is an opera of passionate ones; and nothing could be finer than the lofty dramatic style in which these duets, together with the final death song of Isolde, were sung on Saturday night by the two finest singers of the company.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON THE FRENCH ARMY.

THERE are one or two points which do not seem to have occurred to English writers on the recent events in Paris, points perhaps only obvious to those very intimately acquainted with French life. In the first place, general surprise has been expressed here at the attitude of certain military authorities and the utter incompatibility of such attitude with Republican institutions and Parliamentary government. Whence arises this strange and most sinister contradiction? How comes it about that French soldiers are commanded by men whose conduct might be interpreted as a flat disavowal of the Tricolour—in other words, of the principles for which it stands? To all intimately acquainted with what is called "*La Société*" in France the explanation is easy enough. "*La Société*," that is to say the Faubourg St. Germain (no longer a topographical, but still a social division), the sticklers by tradition and privilege—in short, the aristocracy—whilst ready to intermarry with the vulgarest of Transatlantic *parvenus*, still hold aloof from the Elysée. Not even a lady after the pattern of Madame Carnot, not even the visit of a young and charming Empress, could reconcile the *noblesse* with a bourgeois Republic!

Socially, intellectually, politically, this small section of French society is insignificant enough. Only two of the eighty-seven departments, only forty of the six hundred deputies who represented them in the last Chamber were Imperialist and Monarchist irreconcilables. But although young men with a title, or at least the prefix *de* before their surnames, will not contaminate themselves by entering the civil service (*l'administration*), or otherwise identifying themselves with a Republican form of government, the military laws of 1889 oblige all to serve under its flag. Already the reforms of 1872 had immensely reduced the number of exemptions. It was not, however, till seventeen

years later that enforced military service was put as nearly as possible on the footing of entire legal equality. As we all know, the profession of arms has ever been popular in France, but we can easily conceive that the three years' probation in barracks, the being herded together with peasants and artisans, and other discomforts, would be extremely repugnant to the *jeunesse dorée* of Ultramontane circles. Thus it comes about that these pupils of Jesuit colleges one and all strive for St. Cyr.

How can youths brought up in such an atmosphere entertain respect for the consistent development of representative government, a democracy evolved from the principles of '89? At home, from the cradle upwards, their ears are familiarised with such expressions as these—"Cette canaille de République," "Ces monstres de la Révolution," "Cette dégoûtante démocratie," and so on. The Ultramontane creed, by the way, is set forth *ad nauseam* in Mr. Bodley's ponderous volumes on France. As we read we can fancy ourselves in old-fashioned châteaux of Brittany or Lorraine listening to the table talk of "*La Société*."

But the Jesuits! some reader will exclaim. Surely the Jesuits, with certain other orders, were driven from France by the so-called atheistic laws of Jules Ferry? Let the anxious inquirer, when at Dijon, stroll towards the little eastern railway station and glance at the enormous Jesuit College built within the last twenty years. For a time the teaching staff might change its name; the system and its representatives remained.

What that system is the *Index Expurgatorius* teaches us. The study of philosophy in university chairs can no longer be withheld as in the early years of the Second Empire; but the Papal censorship keeps a sharp look out on all new books, especially those intended for the young. "In works of history," lately said M. Debidour, one of the Inspectors-General of Public Instruction, "every impartial statement is offensive to the Index, and records in accordance with fact are held pernicious" (*Le Matin*, October 8, 1897). This remark was *apropos* of an excommunicated manual of French history* for schools, in which Boulanger and the Boulangist conspiracy were thus summarily but truly dealt with: "Boulanger, War Minister, a soldier of insignificant capacity, but possessed of a taking presence and the most shameless ambition. For his own ends, this man conspired against the Government, in league with him being the worst enemies of the Republic—namely, the Clericals, the Bonapartists, and the Orleanists." The writers are not too indulgent with the General Staff of 1870–1, with the treachery of Bazaine, the indocility of Aurelle de Paladines, the indecision of Trochu and Bourbaki. Elsewhere they write, "If our generals in this campaign were courageous, they were, at the same time, very arrogant and very ignorant." And who can say? Had it been otherwise, had the skill and devotion of the leaders equalled the bravery and endurance of their men, France might have fared very differently during that awful struggle. The Dumouriez, the Pichegrus, in the person of Bazaine, reappeared to her overthrow. In spite of recent military fanfaronade, the Third Republic owes not only her very existence, but her stability, and the liberation of French territory to civilians. Gambetta, the man of law, "le petit bonhomme Thiers," are the shining figures of her late annals, not any wearer of epaulettes and *képi*. Far be it from me by these remarks to disparage the noble French army or its officers. The Radical organs of Paris are doubtless right when they accuse the General Staff of anti-Republican leanings. Boulangism in some form or another does doubtless constitute a possible danger to the State. But whilst young gentlemen belonging to "*La Société*" are prepared for St. Cyr by avowed enemies of representative government and spiritual and intellectual freedom the youth of France, generally speaking, thanks to the Ferry laws, is educated in these principles. The vast majority of Frenchmen—a term now convertible with that of soldiers—are staunch Republicans. The vast majority of professional soldiers may be classed under the same category. Loyal, devoted to duty, unpretentious and honest, such is the typical French officer. And few outsiders have any idea of their self-sacrificingness in domestic life. The French army—perhaps the only one of which so much can be affirmed—is solvent to a man. The condition of indebtedness involves severe reproof, strictest inquiry, and, if persisted in, temporary retirement or dismissal from service. Such at least is the military code, and if loopholes of escape are found here and there, as a rule it is strictly enforced. When we consider that a lieutenant's pay is only £120 a year, and a captain's £152 per annum, we can easily measure the need of economy and good management in the case of married men. The wife brings her obligatory income of £48 a year; but living is dear, a certain appearance has to be kept up, and children must be educated. Is it any wonder that the dentist's art is so seldom called into requisition, that favourite books remain unbound, that the piano (often the sole recreation of a gallant soldier) goes without a tuning—in fine, that a thousand and one little luxuries, freely indulged in by English artisans and even domestic servants, have to be foregone? The lot is gaily borne, so also that of the bachelor on half-pay; his knot or, better still, rosette of red ribbon, compensating for loss of limb or health, mutilation in savage warfare, or sickness contracted nearer home. One word more. The typical French officer is a warm admirer of England, its people, and its institutions. How can it be otherwise, seeing that he is a good Republican?

M. B.-E.

* "Histoire de France" (Cours Moyen), par F. A. Aulard et A. Debidour. Paris: Chailley.

A BUILDER OF WINDOWS.

I WENT with some prejudice to the private view at the Dowdeswell Galleries in Bond Street. I did not expect to like the work of Temple Arrow. I had not seen any of his pictures, having spent the last twenty years in America; but I gathered from the reviews that their meaning was embodied in such remoteness of symbol as to make them incomprehensible to mere ordinary intelligence. The critic of the *New School* had written:—"Temple Arrow's works are composite of the genius of Wiertz, of Whistler, and of Blake. He has the Titanic power of Wiertz—his daring that attempts the impossible; he has the atmospheric poetry, the technique of Whistler; he has the mysticism, the unique imagination of Blake." It did not seem to me a happy combination, and I went to the galleries with prejudice.

It was late in the afternoon—dusk—and most of the fashionable crowd had left. Arrow's picture was hung by itself in the inner room, which was in darkness, while artificial light shone upon the canvas. The eye was at once arrested by the delicacy and depth of its white and gold. The picture was called "A Window of Daisies," and I sat down before it and traced out the dream-forms of its flowers. Daisies were suggested all over the canvas, with loving feeling for the beauty of line, with subtle perceptions of their exquisite gradations of tint; yet although the daisies were accurate in every detail, except that of size—they were giant daisies—the impression created was of something abstract and immaterial—some vague idea distilled to its subtlest essence.

I took out my notebook and made a few technical notes with reference to the drawing and brushwork. Then I leaned back in my chair, and absorbed myself in transcendent loveliness. And as I watched a change came over the picture. The yellow light

increased, and the white shrunk into silver. I saw distinctly on the canvas, stars fading away into a pallid sunrise. I rubbed my eyes and examined the picture from several points of view, suspecting some illegitimate trick of the brush. But there was nothing other than supreme imagination and marvellous workmanship to account for the illusion. Behind the daisies, and through them, spread the glory of a "wide-winged sunrise."

A little old man was occupying the seat beside me. We two were alone in the room.

"Why is it," he asked, "that the picture comes to be called 'A Window of Daisies'?"

My eyes, turned suddenly from the canvas, still retained its light, and I saw the little old man as through a halo. He seemed set apart from the thoughts and desires of ordinary humanity by reason of his extreme old age. A hundred years at least, it might be, had sucked away his very life-blood, and the bones of his face were barely covered with a thin layer of skin, which was of an ashen pallor. But in this shrunk and wizened form there shone a loftiness like that of stars. A loneliness like that of stars, too; the appeal of his personality for sympathy was so strenuous that for a moment my very being seemed drained of life.

"To my mind," I said in reply to his question, "the daisies represent a window through which you can look out on to another world."

"Yes, that was my idea," said the old man—no other, as I conjectured, than Temple Arrow himself. "I am so glad you have understood. People as a rule do not understand. We of this age are so accustomed to look *at* things, instead of *through* them, that the world is as external and as opaque to us as a shadow on still water. I have spent a long and laborious life in emphasising the transparency of mere matter, with the result that before people were certain I was in my dotage they were certain I was mad."

"But," I suggested, "even granting we can get glimpses into another world, what warrant have you in supposing that all people will see the same thing? I know you will tell me that even material things undergo transformation before they can reach individual consciousness; but to see a starry sunrise behind the daisy idea seems to me only fanciful."

"Stars have almost universally been seen behind daisies by those gifted with insight—poets, for instance," said the old man, mildly.

A moment's thought convinced me of the general truth of this statement. However, not to be outdone, I suggested that Chaucer and the Troubadours would probably have seen the woman idea behind the daisy—woman with her white crown of innocence and heart of gold. But I had no sooner made the suggestion than I regretted it. For behind the daisies I caught the glamour of fair faces, and the floating of filmy draperies.

"I fancy you now perceive the womanhood of my picture," said the painter, who had been watching me intently. "I do not think anyone has seen it except yourself. You do not know what it means to me to have found even one who can read my work aright. I have been so misinterpreted—so misunderstood. Inevitably, I suppose, I have not the genius of the reformer to translate divine subtleties into the common language of the world. My life has been one long series of failures. I have seen, but no one has shared my vision; and in the vain effort to lead others in the way of joy I have only found the path to weariness and disappointment."

"But your masterpiece—'The Window of Christianity'—I read about that," I said. "You represented, I understand, an actual window, combined of all the different styles of architecture used by all the different sects of the Christian Church. Through this window could be vaguely seen symbolic figures: there was the sense of the Cross, and suffering: but everything was flooded in a glory of light, which blurred the outlines into one perfect unity. Surely the meaning here was obvious enough?"

He smiled and shook his head. "My critics quoted texts from the Apocalypse," he replied, "and accused me of perpetrating an allegory symbolic of the union of the Eastern and Western Churches, preparatory to the Millennium, and according to the prophecies of Daniel. Poor Daniel! Sufficient rhodomontade has been based on his writings without fathering them on my picture."

"What did you mean exactly?" I inquired.

"Only that we should make in the blank walls of our personality windows giving out on spiritual life," he said; "and that whether we look through the window of Roman Catholicism, of Presbyterianism, of Methodism, the view is, in essentials, the same. Life is indeed blank and bare unless we make rifts in it through which the light of other worlds can penetrate."

"I fancy your own soul is all windows," I hazarded.

"It feels like it to-day," he said; "it is very full of light. Perhaps it is because at last I have found someone to understand me. I see through my daisy window there all that I have ever dreamed, as well as all that I have ever achieved. And do you notice how ruddy the daisies are growing at their tips? It is the red light of morning; and the stars have faded quite away. . . ."

Then I knew that he was looking through the last of those magic casements of his—the casement that has the widest outlook, the farthest horizon—the casement of Death. ETHEL WHEELER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

COPYRIGHT.

SIR,—In THE SPEAKER of May 7th is an interesting article on "Copyright," dealing with the Bill now before the House of Lords. Several of the points raised in the article are open to discussion, and these will, no doubt, be fully dealt with in the Committee to which the Bill has been referred.

May I, however, allude to one fact in which the writer appears to have made a mistake? He writes: "Probably the most curious omission in the whole Bill is the absence of any reference to copyright in sermons. The poor preacher is afforded no protection," etc. etc.

If your correspondent had examined the draft, he would have found that a long clause with five sub-sections is devoted to "Lectures," and that the following words occur in the "Definitions" clause: "The expression 'lecture' shall mean a piece for recitation, a sermon, or an address."

As Chairman of the Joint Committee by which the Bill was revised, I hope I may be allowed to call attention to this fact.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, JOHN MURRAY.

50, Albemarle Street, W.

THE ITALIAN DISTURBANCES.

SIR,—Several considerations dissuade me from writing too positively as to the merits of the attempt at revolt at Milan in the last few days, but enough is known and may be said without prejudicing matters *sub judice* to say positively that it was a political insurrection, and the arrest of several Radical deputies *in flagrante delicto*, and the understanding with the Italians resident in Switzerland as to the movement in which, for them, bread could not enter into the question, prove that there is at least a clear case for an indictment for high treason against the leaders and instigators of the movement. It is nonsense to talk of bread riots, or of legitimate political grievances on the part of the masses, for, between the ignorant clerical section of the common people, entirely under the control of the clergy, and the only less ignorant and fanatical followers of the Radical demagogues who preach the Socialist Republic, federal and dissolvent—the men who have led in the present disorders have practically represented the "State of Milan" in the Chamber for years, through the most noisy, obstructive, and incompetent Deputies to be found in that very curious assembly, with very few exceptions. They have sent to the national councils a railway porter as the head of their delegation; they have had so large a liberty that they were convinced that they held the fortunes of the nation at their beck, and, but for the absolute incompetence

which they have always shown to judge of the fitness or the contrary of any political measure, or any other kind of organisation than that of a body of political free lances, they might have wrecked the Italian State, as no doubt they desired to do.

Had Cavallotti lived the rising would have been probably retarded and made more formidable, for the hold he had on the vacillating Premier was such that he might have hampered the early efforts at repression, while he organised the movement more completely; but the published correspondence shows that it was his real aim to organise a revolution, in which aim I suppose that very few Englishmen would in the least sympathise with him, or, in fact, with Italian Radicalism in general, did they understand the nature of it—as unlike the Radicalism of England as is that of the Commune of Paris. There are amongst the Deputies who sit in the Extreme Left section of the Italian Chamber a few genuinely honest men, dreamers like Bovio, with Platonic visions of a possible republic; sincere Socialists like Costa, lost in a political Utopia; and others only—and justly—indignant at the cold-blooded indifference of the wealthier classes to the rights and sufferings of the lowest class, and incapable of patience, or of seeing any other than destructive methods of righting those wrongs; but there are more mere demagogues, who believe neither in the doctrines of Socialism which they proclaim at the hustings, nor in the reality of the grievances they denounce for electoral purposes. There may be among them men who really believe that Italy would progress under a Republic, though in this I believe that no dispassionate student of Italian affairs would for a moment agree with them; but the majority are simply self-seekers who have taken up the Radical cry as an electoral expedient and a help to political advancement, and these, crafty beyond their colleagues, manage the groups. Of these Cavallotti was chief, and his loss is the temporary disorganisation of the revolutionary party. His strong arm was in a system of unscrupulous political blackmailing, which he used as no one is likely to use it so effectively; he had an ingenuity and persistency in hunting out the personal secrets of his political enemies, and of using them for political ends, which he is not likely to find an imitator in; and his disappearance is a loss to his party, but a gain to the cause of order, for he was the only practical politician in that party.

Of the real importance of the recent rising we are likely to know more when the trials are over than we do now, and to me it seems a most fortunate thing that they come before courts-martial, for the military tribunals are the only ones not so infected by political influences as to make their justice a delusion, as the army is the only institution in Italy not demoralised by the unrestrained intermixture of politics with justice and good administration; and it is curious to hear so many quiet Italians, desirous only of living in peace and the possession of their rights, express the desire for a long term of military government, disgusted as they are with Parliamentary mismanagement. A competent dictator would at this moment be the most popular solution of all the difficulties the State labours under. The Republic in these circumstances would be the easy solution of complete dissolution—it remains to be seen if the virtue of the nation is sufficient to put the State again on the way to mending its damages. There are many and prudent Italians who despond. If they had a king like Victor Emmanuel, I think that things might be retrieved—as they are now going I question it.

We are still bewildered by contrary and conflicting information as to the doings in Milan, but from the personal impressions which come to me, the reports of my successor in the correspondence of *The Times* seem within the limits of moderation. We have even no trustworthy estimate of the number of the dead, and possibly know less of it than you in London do. This is the natural consequence of stopping telegrams.—Yours truly,

Rome, May 17th. W. J. STILLMAN.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I hear from a military source that the total of killed in the insurrectionary movements throughout Italy has probably amounted to about 2,000, of which by far the greater part at Milan, where they fired grape and canister continuously for some time. But even the official authorities do not pretend to have more than an approximate estimate.

W. J. S.

CHRISTIAN ALMER.

SIR,—The death of Christian Almer, who may be called the *doyen* of Swiss guides, ought not to pass without a few words of commemoration. "Old Christian" belonged to that first generation of Alpine guides who had to learn their profession for themselves, instead of, as now, going through a regular apprenticeship, culminating in a departmental examination. He began his career as a daring and successful chamois-hunter, and when Mr. Wills made the first ascent of the Wetterhorn in 1854 (I borrow from Mr. Whymper), "he saw approaching them two strangers, evidently determined to be first at the summit, one of whom bore on his back a young fir-tree, branches and all. The guides accepted the inevitable and allowed them to share in the glory of the conquest of the virgin peak. Christian Almer was one of these men. Subsequently he made the first ascent (as guide) of the Eiger in 1858, and the Mönch in 1859—now soon to be made accessible by railway—and he travelled, chiefly with well-known English and American climbers, including ladies, all over the Alps—notably in Dauphiné, where he and his *Herrschaft* had once been arrested as German spies.

The end of his career as guide came in an unexpected manner. He took a party on an easy expedition in winter; but his feet were frost-bitten, and he was lamed for the rest of his life. But he made one more ascent. On the day of his golden wedding he ascended the Wetterhorn, the scene of his first victory, with his wife. It was his last ascent—and her first.

So many English climbers must have grateful memories of Almer that—in default of a better notice—these hasty notes may seem to you worthy of insertion.—I am, Sir,

YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT.

PRIOR EXISTENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

SIR,—In your number of May 14th, A. T. Q. C., in his interesting "Literary Causerie" on Wordsworth's "Ode," asks: "Does the doctrine of the Church concerning immortality admit the possibility, at any rate, of a prior state of existence out of which men are born into this world with conceptions of Goodness (let us say) or of Justice?"

I cannot say what is the present doctrine of the Church upon this point, but it would seem from Frith's "Life of Giordano Bruno" that among the counts of heresy upon which he was tried and condemned to death by the Inquisition was the charge that he professed and taught the transmigration of souls. At least, so it would appear from an account given in this work of the Noroff Collection of MSS. attributed to Bruno. M. Noroff, in his notice of this Collection, defends Bruno from the charge of having held this belief, and says: "Nous appellons l'attention du monde savant sur les passages du MS. qui lèvent complétement l'accusation calomnieuse qui a été portée contre le célèbre philosophe italien d'avoir professé des dogmes antichrétiens, *et la transmigration des âmes*." Further, in the same "Life," a letter is quoted of Gaspar Scioppius, giving an account of Bruno's death, and criticising his doctrine from the Roman Catholic point of view. He herein says of Bruno: "Librum edit . . . et rursus alium de umbris et Idæis, in quibus horrenda prorsusque absurdissime docet, ut qui mundos esse innumerabiles, *animam de corpore in corpus*, imo et alium in mundum migrare, unam animam bina corpora informare posse." Bruno himself says in his deposition at his trial (Doc. xii.): "I have held, and I hold, that souls are immortal, and that they are subsisting substances (that is, the intellectual souls), and that, *speaking in a catholic manner, they do not pass from one body to another*, but they go either to paradise, or to purgatory, or to hell. Nevertheless, in philosophy I have reasoned that the soul, subsisting without the body and non-existent in the body, may in the same way that it is in one body be in another, passing from one body into another: the which, if it is not true, at least appears to be the opinion of Pythagoras."

I do not quote these passages to show what Bruno's teaching was as to the transmigration of souls, though it is interesting to note the distinction he draws between what he "held, speaking in a catholic manner," and what he "reasoned in philosophy." But these quotations would seem to prove that both in his own opinion, in that of his contemporary accuser, Scioppius, and of his more recent apologist, M. Noroff, the belief in the possibility of transmigration was contrary to the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. LEVESON GOWER.

THE EXTERMINATION OF BIRDS.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "J. H. P.," in a kindly notice of my recent letter on the destruction of rare birds, says: "It fortunately does not show knowledge of the facts to talk about the kingfisher as a species which is becoming rare. The increase has, it is true, been during the last two or three years. On the Thames, at least, there are as many kingfishers now as there were thirty years ago." May I say a few words on this? I have just returned from the North of England, where I have been staying during the past month. I can safely say that the kingfisher is as good as extinct in that part of the country. I made several excursions in the hope of getting a glimpse of this exquisite little creature, but was disappointed on every occasion. On two occasions only have I seen this bird in my own locality during a period of ten years. I have heard the same sort of story from many parts of England, while the cruel persecution of the bird in Shropshire, Hants, and Devonshire is fairly notable. At Islip, in North Oxfordshire, there used to be a barbarian who boasted of the number of kingfishers he had slain. But all this, as every ornithologist knows, is only a fraction of the truth.

The statement that there are as many kingfishers now on the Thames as there were thirty years ago does not, of course, cover the whole ground, though, as Mr. W. H. Hudson tells us, the birds' eggs are protected in thirty-four or more counties. Your correspondent would have one believe that there were a lot of kingfishers on the Thames thirty years ago. I can hardly think that would be the case. Nor does it follow that because kingfishers have increased in a certain place under favourable conditions that they have also increased throughout the country under conditions not so favourable. The idea is absurd, yet that is the only inference I can gather from "J. H. P.'s" letter. The fact is there is very little protection for the bird in this country. In Ireland there is, I believe, absolutely none, nor is there any real protection in a good number of English and Scotch counties. Only in London and Middlesex is the bird protected all the year round. The counties that lie along the Thames above London, with the exception of Middlesex, have not even applied the Protection Act of 1894 so far.

I am delighted to hear that the kingfisher has increased on the Thames—as undoubtedly it has—owing, I assume, to the protection given to it by the river authorities; and that fact is reassuring as far as it goes. It is imperative that something should be done to secure all possible protection for the kingfisher and such rare birds. The Wild Birds' Protection Acts do not serve to meet the evil, as they are not sufficiently comprehensive. The remedy seems to lie in making the Acts general in terms. Meantime County Councils would do well to take full advantage of the provisions of these Acts to protect the birds and their eggs, and the Home Secretary should be asked to extend the close time, so as to give protection all the year round.

—I am, yours faithfully, JOSEPH COLLINSON.

53, Chancery Lane, London, May 16th.

MESSIS MORTALIS.

OF all that life doth largely give,
Oh Death, what is it thou canst take?
Only the waste that will not live,
Only the agony and the ache,
From buds that break.

This is thy scanty harvest, Death:
Surely the heart of me holds scorn
For those who dread thee, catch their breath
And see no beauty in the morn
Since thou wast born.

For, like a cunning surgeon, thou
Wilt save the living; with the knife
Cut free the useless flesh, and now
The man is clean—you steal the strife,
But leave the life.

True! Man may be one dead disease,
All that God gave him one vast sore,
Life's woe be wasted to the lees,
And faith be cankered to the core.
Then Death gets more.

Yet may we still rejoice what day
Stern Death demandeth back his own;
His dear dead things, if we can say
Get hence, and touch not, we have sown
And these have grown.

These fair fresh flowers, you gave the seed;
Yours if I let them rot or sleep,
Lo, they have shot beyond Death's creed,
And heard deep calling unto deep.
These life shall keep.

God in His mercy kept us clean,
With dainty soul and delicate;
Life, love and faith and all they mean
Kept living, and compassionate
Masters of fate.

K. M.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE ANGLO-SAXON IN APOTHEOSIS.

WE all have our modest hopes; and it is mine that, one of these days, some philosophic student of the by-paths of his country's journalism may dismiss me with this verdict: "Well, the fellow made his fair share of blunders, but he seems to have recognised with some steadiness that there is such a thing as a golden mean."

Who says that the Briton is impervious to ideas? The difficulty in his present fluid state of mind lies not in permeating him with an idea, but in preventing his doing extreme and equal worship to two contradictory ideas at the same moment. A year or two ago, when "Justice for Ireland" happened to be engaging our attention, no word was too rude to fling at the Anglo-Saxon. He was brutal, tyrannical, thick-witted: he owed to the Celt those imaginative touches which made his public policy respectable, that sense of beauty which will keep his literature permanent: he was a barbarian ruler hiring and underpaying, but not understanding, the intelligent services of his Celtic slaves. I thought this at the time a hasty generalisation based on an imperfect acquaintance with fact. I thought and said so then; and think and say so still. Time passed—quite a short time—and the agonies of Armenia eclipsed the distresses of Ireland. We were then bidden to divide the nations of earth into two classes, the free peoples and the slaves of despotism. The Anglo-Saxon leapt into respectability again as one of the free: and for a brief while we contemplated him as taking his stand beside others of the free (including the Frenchman) against the forces of absolutism and selfish cruelty. Brief dream! and also brief stage in the apotheosis of our abused friend! Diviner honours were in store for him. With the outbreak of war between Spain and America, the Anglo-Saxon grew suddenly to a demi-god; and at this stature for the moment he remains. It is he against the world now: St. George against the Dragon: the British-American smiting the table with an iron fist and dictating good government with its corollaries to the rest of the world. And naturally the Latin races (including the French) begin to feel more than a little nervous.

The reader may ask what all this has to do with literature, my weekly theme. Well, I think it has something to do with literature; and I am sure it has something to do with logic. Let us admit that the scandal of Armenia was intolerable to every man enjoying the blessings of free government and the natural gifts of a human heart and a touch of imagination: let us admit that such a man is bound to sympathise with America in this struggle; and let us admit that such horrors as those of Armenia and Cuba force men to cast about for some compact which shall ensure the world against these cruelties and obscenities. The search for such a compact is only Christian and humane. That it happens to be hasty is due to the instant pressure of the scandals themselves. But after all, the great requisite of the compact is that it shall be stable and trustworthy, and, for this, it ought to rest upon the broadest possible base.

Our advisers have found two possible foundations—Freedom and Race: and unfortunately the two are not conterminous. Freedom includes France and excludes Germany; race includes (or ought to include) Germany and excludes France. And over this Cuban business we are asked to shift our foundation from freedom to race, and then to cut away Germany on the ground that Germany is not a free country: which is a logical muddle. Perish logic! however, say our advisers: and perish logic! by all means, if the time has come when its decease will help the world. Logic, after all, was made for man—not man for logic. But some of us scarcely see yet why the foundation should be shifted so hastily. France (we are told) is for the moment the bond slave of Russia, but she is so because of the exigencies of the moment. She has been conducting for almost thirty years an experiment in free government which has extorted the qualified but honest admiration of our most trusted political philosophers. And now it seems that we are to conduct our campaign in the

interests of freedom on a narrowed basis of race, which not only deprives us of France's co-operation, but forces her to be as hostile as it frankly treats her.

Well, I suppose art and letters and the amenities of life have not much to say for themselves while they allow men and women to be massacred and our China trade to be threatened: that is, if we must really believe that France, while remaining a centre of intellectual light and a diffuser of the graces of life, can for any length of time go on abetting or allowing massacre. And yet it may be a pity if in our impatience we deprive the world of any help it can get from ideas of liberty which do not happen to be Anglo-Saxon. "I believe," Mr. Courtney wrote to the *Daily Chronicle* last Tuesday, "in the communion of free minds. It was a fine thought of the late Laureate, commemorated in the biography by his son, that in our days men of letters are the true ambassadors between nations. The messages they send"—needless to say, Mr. Courtney is not alluding to round-robins addressed to M. Zola and others—"cross the confines of States and gather hearers in many lands. It may be true that the host they array will ever be a minority, a select company among the multitudes of men; but I believe that the only trustworthy promise of the future lies in the dispersion of ideas at least as broad and universal as their mission. Partial alliances rather threaten antagonisms. . . ." And he adds a bold but timely word. "Greatly as I believe in our race, and our future, I should not regard the organisation of the world upon purely Anglo-Saxon methods, and according to purely Anglo-Saxon ideals, with unmixed satisfaction. Still less should I regard the enthronement of Anglo-Americans as the overlords of human kind as good for the people of Britain or the United States."

Surely one may pause for a moment over these words without having his sympathy with America in this Cuban business called in question. I distrust this cry of race overmuch, perhaps, because there has been so much of it during the last few years, and that much has been so extremely diverse from time to time and in result so equivocal. The other day the Anglo-Saxon was a thick-skinned brute: to-day he is a bright, swift and glittering Perseus. But which of the two is he really and apart from rhetoric? So much, you see, depends on whether you happen to be talking about Ireland or about Cuba.

But is he at any rate and in 1898 so far lifted above human weakness that he could bear enthronement as the overlord of human kind without a certain moral and intellectual deterioration? Can he quite do without the criticism, and the effective criticism, of other strong men, whose ideals differ from his and whose intentions may be in some respects as lofty and unselfish? I do not know if the analogy holds, but will try it—In his literature, the particular product of the Anglo-Saxon and the particular efflorescence of his nature which I have most to study, his debt to the Latin races is simply incalculable. He can trace to their inspiration his greatest feats in poetry: he owes almost as much perhaps to their criticism, or at least to the sense, arresting him amid his natural temptation to extravagance, that just across the Channel a tradition of criticism exists which would make short work of his vagaries. And no English man of letters will deny that this sense has been correcting and salutary. May it not be that the presence, outside our gates, of a critic with ideals of liberty which are at once respectable and unlike our own, a critic not strong enough to coerce and yet too strong to be disregarded, exerts an influence scarcely less beneficent on our national policy? At any rate, it seems rash to treat his criticism as negligeable while we are so recently delivered of our doubt whether the Anglo-Saxon be a brute or an angel.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE FORTUNES OF A GREAT LITERATURE.

A History of Italian Literature. By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. London: W. Heinemann.

TIME was, more than once in English history, when not to know something of Italian argued yourself unknown, or, what was still worse, uncultivated, a rude Bœotian, fed on the heavy dews of a soil not favourable to the humane arts. In the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth girls learned the "soft Latin of the South" as they now learn French, not because they liked it, but as part of their equipment for the business of making love and catching husbands—it enhanced their market value, or set a stamp on them as belonging to "society," which, at that period, meant the Court. A hundred years ago, under influences less royal and more akin to genuine culture, perhaps—when the opera was the rage and thickly varnished daubs passed for the handiwork of Raphael and Correggio—it was still the fashion to be able to read what the actors and actresses were singing from the dictation of Metastasio. But now—if we could find out—how many would be the number of schoolgirls that have ever seen a page of Italian? What is the demand for it in public institutions? How high will it rank in examinations for the Civil Service, the Army, or the Navy? It has become, we imagine, pretty much of a dead language to most of us. And although, during the last quarter of a century, the pictorial art, whether of the Primitives or the Renaissance, in Italy, has exercised a steadily growing influence on that new modern temper—vaguely known as æsthetic, and destined to play its part in bringing out a peculiar disposition of mind and morals hitherto rare among us—the literature which might seem to correspond with its development is not Italian, but French. We make this affirmation, keeping in view the picturesque figures both of men and women which, if they were as familiar to Florence as they have been to London, would be reckoned among the glories of the latest Italy—John Ruskin, the circle of the Rossettis, the Brownings, Addington Symonds, Walter Pater, and it is only fair to add the excellent critic who wears as a domino the name of Vernon Lee. All these have enriched the life-blood of the nation with influences that may prove more lasting than our loans from German libraries. They have revived the sense of colour, form, and musical speech; their deep-sounding note in our literature is unmistakable and inspiring. Yet the students of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio—to say nothing of Boiardo and Tasso and Leopardi—cannot be deemed numerous; and Italian authors of the present day—where are they? The best known name is perhaps Cesare Lombroso, a man of science—a "mad doctor"—whose works can be read in translation.

Such is certainly the case, notwithstanding a ghostly halo which hangs round the head of Carducci, understood as having published a "Hymn to Satan"—a very fine piece of workmanship it is—no English version of which do we happen to have come across. The novels of Gabriele d'Annunzio have lately been advertised in a vernacular rendering; but this would imply that an audience may be found for his stories, though none for his style, which, as translations go, is not likely to survive so rude a handling. And now, Dr. Garnett, whose volume has led us into these remarks, must be congratulated on the spirit with which he has attacked a forlorn enterprise and the admirable result thereof. He need not count on many readers, though we trust he will have them; assuredly nothing on his part has been left undone to secure a goodly number. In the first place he acts up to his own principle, "Ce qui n'est pas écrit ne dure pas," without good writing no chance of immortality. His book is very well written; easy in style, clear and strong, with an occasional flash of judgment more or less bizarre that will, at any rate,

keep his reader on the look out for epigrams. Not that he abuses the license which every author must be allowed who would not be as dull as Tiraboschi. In form, then, he is excellent; he moves at a good pace, sharpens his style on persons and things which, in his bold British way, he finds condemnable, and is even picturesque. His translations are admirable. We would willingly let him discourse at much greater length on the delectable eighteenth century which he knows so well, with its Galiani, Gozzi, Goldoni, Maffei, and, as we said at the beginning, its adored Metastasio. Turning back hundreds of years, we find him copious and sympathetic in his treatment of the great forerunner of Erasmus and the Humanists—Petrarch—a name now singularly neglected, yet of much importance as attaining an unrivalled felicity of amorous expression, and, in his biographical fragments, proving to us, like "Heloïse, the learned nun," that a passionate or sentimental delineation of life did not wait for Rousseau to invent it. On the inexhaustible theme of Dante we should be compelled to make some demur, if this were the occasion for criticism in detail. Dr. Garnett has succeeded better, we think, in giving a true impression of the younger Dante—the lover and Platonist who depicts himself in the "Vita Nuova"—than in the complex and subtle questions associated with the "Divine Comedy." Here, we venture to maintain, is a line of weakness running through the entire volume, and dangerous enough to deserve pointing out. The author looks at his subjects always as an Englishman, a disciple of political freedom, of progress, of the regenerated Italy which is united under the House of Savoy. But this point of view, whether true or false in the region of practice and policy, is not, nor ever can be, the critical point of view, which must take in not only all the facts, but all the interpretations of them, and this alone is literature. In discussing prose and verse on their merits, as vehicles by which we express human thought, action, passion, we are neither Liberals nor Conservatives, neither Whigs nor Tories; and our predilections, this way or that way, are simply nothing to the purpose. Dr. Garnett—to insist on the judgment which he pronounces concerning Dante—prefers, like the average Briton, the "Inferno" to the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso" of that immense Apocalypse. That is rather national prejudice than criticism founded on the nature of the poem which Dante had in view, or its effect on the generations of his own countrymen that have read him. The divinity and metaphysics, though refracted in so exquisite a medium, are literally a sealed book to readers who care nothing about Thomas Aquinas, nothing about the ceremonial, the saints, the legends of the Catholic Church, nothing about the Madonna. But for cultivated Italians all this has had a splendid or touching significance, comparable to the renderings from Bible-speech into most stately verse, that have given Milton not merely a religious but a literary charm, the absence of which those would feel instantly who sympathise least of all with Puritans or Dissenters.

It is incumbent on criticism, if it would do its proper work, to deny itself the gratification of *obiter dicta*. Now, in Dr. Garnett there are some which strike one as singularly out of place. Perhaps it is not an *obiter dictum*, but a lapse of judgment which has allowed the author to tell us that "Isaiah presents himself in a more august and venerable character than Homer, but his prophecy is not as majestic as the Iliad." One asks if Dr. Garnett has read Isaiah in the original? If he has, and finds the Hebrew rhythms not majestic when compared with the Greek hexameters, we marvel on what standard he is measuring these two achievements. But, looking to the purpose for which this volume is intended, we demur even more strongly when we light upon a parallel, or contrast, between Leopardi and Pascal, conceived in the manner following: "Leopardi has the advantage," says Dr. Garnett, "in so far that his scorn of man never degenerates into misanthropy, and his negation is better than Pascal's superstition." In other words, "Better be an atheist than a Jansenist." Now, it really does not signify to literature as literature which is better; literature is a medium of expression, and, as these very examples demonstrate, will render faith and unfaith superbly, if the man of genius comes along that is capable of handling it. But where is the point of this *obiter dictum*? Is it to recommend Leopardi's "negation," and to run down Pascal's "superstition"? We can only write on the margin with good old Horace, "Nunc non erat his locus," "Keep these heads of discourse for your Sunday pulpit."

Consoling, indeed, to reflect, as Dr. Garnett does more than once, on the inevitable alliance between the best literature and progressive opinions. But, "really, really," as Diana of the Crossways might say, "is there such an alliance?" Will a supreme gift of expression insist on expressing the noblest views? We are aware that any system of divinity, from Krishna's in the Bhaghavat Gita to Mr. Sludge's in Browning, may throw itself into very striking forms. Is there an exception for politics or philosophy, so that we ought to be astonished when "one so encumbered with childish ultramontane notions" as the famous Rosmini, has "won the acknowledged rank he holds among the first philosophical thinkers"? But Lucretius held a doctrine still lower—at least, Christians would say it was—than the grovelling ultramontane; and his poetry is so much out of the common as to have suggested to Mr. Matthew Arnold the frightful suspicion that perhaps "atheism and the grand style" are secretly allied. Again, take the literary man *par excellence* among Greeks—Plato; the "Republic" is usually considered a masterpiece; but it does not err on the side of liberty and progress. Neither was Aristophanes a fervent democrat; nor Virgil, Horace, Livy; nor Machiavelli, nor Voltaire; and the amount of freedom available in a state constructed on the principles of Rousseau has always appeared too small in the eyes of Englishmen to be worth considering.

No, it is highly unphilosophical to mix up kinds and to confound species. For, every one of these men has an incomparably good style. The man of letters ought to be conscientious, and by no means "one of Heaven's Swiss, that fight on either side," but he is very often a rascal like Benvenuto Cellini. There can be no splendid or heroic literature without progress—in literature; but the age of Louis XIV., and the towering names of Shakespeare and Goethe, should be sufficient demonstration that liberty may be wanting, yet authors flourish; and that genius, though liberalising in the scholastic and humane sense, need not be liberal in any other.

And, one should have imagined, this was apparent in the long vicissitudes of the Italian history, where Dante's Florence does not quite represent a free self-governing city, but the rage and violence of factions alternately triumphant or defeated—where the age of Renaissance poets is either the "age of the Despots," sung by Ariosto, or of the tyrannical "Reaction," whose unwilling Laureate was Tasso; and where Frà Paolo, the least enslaved of Italian writers, had the task of defending a Venetian oligarchy. Now the Italians have won their freedom—the Inquisition is no more—but do we perceive any tokens of an original creative spirit among the enfranchised? And how is it with democracy at large—in Europe or America? If universal suffrage implied, or brought in its train, a passion for culture, the nourishment on which dramatic poets feed, the spirit that shapes a new Bible, its task would be less uphill, and its disciples would soon be those who at present are watching its growth in alarm precisely because they hold that "Quae pulchra difficilia," high things are not achieved easily, and they fear lest the sovereign multitude should turn out to be the sovereign mob. If the author had cast an eye on these considerations—in themselves surely not

unreasonable—his book, which has so many admirable qualities, would have one more—that of critical balance. He might then have allowed the Italian greatness of the Papacy, which he appears not to have descried, visible as it was to Gibbon, Milman, and Macaulay. And his research into the causes of literary growth and decline might have taken him beyond forms of government into the obscure but fruitful psychology of national character.

DELIMITING A FRONTIER.

THE NIGER SOURCES AND THE BORDERS OF THE NEW SIERRA LEONE PROTECTORATE. By Lieut.-Colonel J. K. Trotter, R.A. London: Methuen & Co.

THERE are several stages in the process by which a European Power possesses itself of a slice of African territory. If we leave out of account the coast settlements which have developed into Crown colonies, the great bulk of the continent may be said to have been parcelled out among the Powers of Europe by a threefold process—the first stage of which is the conclusion of treaties with native princes and chiefs, the second stage an international agreement binding the Powers that are parties to it, and the third stage the delimitation of frontiers. A history of the first stage would afford some very quaint reading, for treaty-making in Africa has often been conducted on Gilbert and Sullivan principles, while our present troubles on the Middle Niger show that the second stage has its own peculiar difficulties. The third stage has not yet been reached in many parts of Africa, but it has been safely passed in the case of the Sierra Leone Protectorate, lying at the back of the British colony of that name on the West Coast. It is too late now to ask whether a little more energy and foresight on the part of the British Government might not have secured a more extended "hinterland" for the colony, and now that the frontiers of our protectorate have been delimited—so far, at least, as they touch France's East African possessions—our only thought must be how to make the best use of the territory we have been able to acquire.

It was in January, 1895, that the British and French Governments signed an agreement fixing the boundaries of their respective possessions in this part of Africa. But to fix a boundary and to delimit it are two very different things. For the paper boundary of the agreement there had to be substituted an actual boundary which would enable native chiefs to ascertain whether they were placed under the protection of France or Great Britain. Commissioners were appointed by both Governments to mark out the frontier, and in the present volume Colonel Trotter, the British Commissioner, has told the story of the four months occupied on the task. Colonel Trotter does not complain, but, on the whole, the lot of the Commissioners does not appear to have been a happy one. They found the country an extremely difficult one for taking observations; all the white men were attacked by fever, and one officer of the frontier police fell a victim to the climate. Food was scarce, a considerable portion of the route lying through country which had been harried by Samory's Sofa bands, and for days together they had to cut their way through the tangle of undergrowth that clothed the uninhabited land. No doubt Colonel Trotter's narrative gives the home-keeping Englishman an idea of what frontier delimitation in West Africa is like, but we must frankly confess that the first half of the book, which deals with the itinerary of the Commission, is not very lively reading.

When, however, Colonel Trotter reaches the Great Scarcies River, where his official labours came to an end, and allows himself a little more freedom, he becomes proportionately more interesting. The area of the new protectorate he estimates roughly at 18,000 square miles. Up to the present we have done practically nothing to develop this large area—partly because we have known very little about it. There still remains much to be done before our knowledge of the geography of the region can be said to be approximately complete, but we know a good deal more than we did a few years ago. Colonel Trotter does not think that the country contains any wealth of minerals, but it is well wooded and well watered, the soil is apparently very fertile, and many natural products of commercial value are found in the interior. The problem whether the country can be made to pay can be summed up in two words—health and transport. At present the whole of the trade of the interior is in the hands of natives, who bring their produce down to Freetown and exchange it for European goods at the white man's stores. Human carriers are the only transport. This, of course, cannot last if the commercial resources of the country are to be developed on any adequate scale. The railway now in course of construction will do something to develop one district of the protectorate, but in Colonel Trotter's opinion a system of main roads, capable of bearing wheeled traffic, is the first essential of success. The tsetse-fly is unknown, and horses and mules would both, he believes, flourish in the interior. But there remains the all-important question of European supervision. Can the European live in the interior? Colonel Trotter does not profess to give a final answer to this question, but he is very hopeful that, with proper care in the selection of stations, white men may find the conditions of life in the interior of the Sierra Leone Protectorate even more endurable than they are in many parts of the West Coast where trading stations have been in existence for years.

But we cannot follow Colonel Trotter any further in these speculations. He has written a book which is a solid rather than a brilliant contribution to West African literature, but one that will repay perusal by those who are interested in the geography and commerce of this region. Recent events have, unfortunately, lent an additional interest to everything connected with Sierra Leone, and Colonel Trotter's unpretentious volume, if it does not deal directly with the obnoxious hut-tax which is the cause of the present turmoil, yet throws many sidelights on the natives and the conditions of life prevailing in the colony and the adjacent protectorate.

A HISTORY OF ISRAEL.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford. London: Rivingtons.

"THERE are many histories of Israel, but this is the first attempt to write one from a purely archæological point of view. During the last few years discovery after discovery has come crowding upon us from the ancient East, revolutionising all our past conceptions of early Oriental history and opening out a new and unexpected world of culture and civilisation. For the Oriental archæologist Hebrew history has ceased to stand alone; it has taken its place in that great stream of human life and action which the excavator and decipherer are revealing to us, and it can at last be studied like the history of Greece and Rome. The age of the Patriarchs is being brought close to us; our museums are filled with written documents which are centuries older than Abraham; and we are beginning to understand the politics which underlie the story of the Pentateuch and the causes of the events which are narrated in it." "Between the results of Oriental archæology and those which are the logical end of the so-called 'higher criticism' no reconciliation is possible, and the latter must therefore be cleared out of the way before the archæologist can begin his work." "Theologically" Prof. Sayce "accepts unreservedly whatever doctrine has been laid down by the Church as an article of the faith." These extracts from the Preface sufficiently indicate the

method of Prof. Sayce's new work, and the spirit in which it has been written. There are certain fundamental objections to the method, and especially to the manner in which Prof. Sayce carries it out.

The sources which the historian of the Hebrews has at his command may be divided into two classes —the literary, consisting in the main of the Old Testament writings, and the monumental or archæological, consisting of the records on stone or brick or papyrus. The sources of the latter class have almost without exception been discovered or for the first time deciphered within the last century. The result has been, as Prof. Sayce very rightly observes, that Hebrew history has ceased to stand alone. The manners and customs, the conquests, the mutual relations of the great nations, and also some of the less important peoples with whom the Hebrews were brought into contact at various periods, can now be studied from records contemporary with the events and conditions which they describe. The gain is immense. Much that was obscure in the history of the Hebrews has become clear; much that appeared to be peculiar to them is seen to have been common to other peoples. But it is easy to form an exaggerated estimate of the contribution of the monumental evidence to our knowledge of the Hebrews. It ought always to be borne in mind—and it is one of the shortcomings of Prof. Sayce's volume that, in this respect, it hinders rather than assists the reader—that the monumental evidence with regard to the Hebrews is in the main *indirect*. Hebrew inscriptions scarcely exist: the most important and almost the only pre-Exilic record of this kind is the brief inscription discovered in 1880 on the wall of the Pool of Siloam. But, further, even in the monumental records of other peoples, except in the inscription of the Moabite King Mesha, and the Assyrian inscriptions from the 9th to the 7th centuries B.C., references to the Hebrews are infrequent. The volume before us covers the period from Abraham to Solomon, *i.e.* (adopting the author's chronology), from *cir.* 2300 to *cir.* 950 B.C. During these fourteen centuries the direct references in the monuments to the Hebrews consist of an obscure and ambiguous statement in an Egyptian source (*cir.* 1270 B.C.), which, according to Prof. Sayce (p. 159) implies that the Israelites were at that time in "the unknown recesses of the eastern desert." Clearly, then, if Prof. Sayce really retained throughout his book "the purely archæological point of view," he could tell us nothing of the people whose history he sets out to write, for the simple reason that from that point of view the Hebrews are not to be seen. He can, and does, tell us much of what was doing in Babylon and Egypt and Canaan during some of these centuries; and this on the authority of the monuments or, in many cases, as hazardous inferences from the direct data. In other words, he sees and reports to us from his archæological standpoint what must have been the environs of the Hebrews if they were in these countries during these periods. And all this is very welcome, though some of it must be received with reserve. But Prof. Sayce tells us also much about Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; about the Hebrews in Egypt and at the Exodus, and in the Wilderness; about the Hebrew conquest of Canaan and the period of the Judges; about the establishment of the Hebrew monarchy and the three first Hebrew kings, Saul, David, and Solomon. Now for all this Prof. Sayce has no monumental authority; his sole sources are literary and, in the main, the Old Testament. This being the case, it becomes important to consider how he estimates, and what use he makes of, these writings. From his Preface it might be supposed that he held the traditional views—for example, that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, and that the other historical books of the Old Testament are early and homogeneous writings. But this is by no means the case. The Pentateuch is a "work that has passed through many editions; it is full of interpolations, lengthy and otherwise; and it has probably received its final shape at the hands of Ezra" (p. 134); its chronology is "worthless" for historical purposes (p. 143); the numbers it attributes to the Hebrews at the Exodus are impossible (pp. 210 ff). The work of Joshua, as described in the book bearing his name, has been "greatly magnified in the imagination of later ages" (p. 246; *cf.* pp. 24 f, 256 f). The Book of Judges is composite and, in parts, coloured by the religious ideas of an age later than that of the events recorded (pp. 309, 329).

It will thus be seen that Prof. Sayce does not differ very greatly in his general estimate of the character of the Hebrew writers from the scholars against whom he brings vague and often meaningless charges of being philological, and *therefore* (the conclusion is Prof. Sayce's) unhistorical. He agrees with them that the writings are composite; that parts of the historical books are separated by several centuries, and even in certain cases by over a thousand years, from the events they record; that they contain contradictory statements, or attribute the same series of events to persons of different generations. But he enters a *non possumus* against any systematic attempt to disentangle the earlier and, generally speaking, more trustworthy narratives from these late compilations. Now, as a matter of fact, the earlier sources have been recovered from the later works in which they are embedded with remarkable success, and nothing that Prof. Sayce says in this volume invalidates the work of those scholars who have devoted themselves to discriminating the strata, of different ages, of which the historical books of the Old Testament consist. It should, however, be observed that if Prof. Sayce were right, the only existing sources for the history would be singularly unsatisfactory; for they would consist entirely of early records which barely mention the people who form its subject, and very late records which are characterised by numerous contradictions and irreconcilable judgments.

We must not pursue our criticism in further detail. We have said enough to show why this work would be a most unsafe guide to persons unfamiliar with the history of the Hebrews. But we are unwilling to take leave of it without acknowledging its richness in clever speculations and ingenious combination of data; it will on this account prove full of interest and stimulus to those who are familiar with the subject. In another respect, Prof. Sayce's history is gratifying; it does justice to the military genius and practical talents of Joab, who has too often received less than his due from historians. There is much that is illuminating in the treatment of the establishment of the monarchy; the lack of cohesion between Judah and the northern tribes, and the exceedingly heterogeneous character of the former, are well brought out. In his estimate of David, Professor Sayce appears to us unnecessarily harsh; he has exaggerated the darker, he has quite inadequately indicated the nobler, side of his character.

A full index adds value to the work; and excellence of paper and type, and convenience of size, make the volume easy to hold and pleasant to read.

THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

THE GUARDIAN'S INSTRUCTION; OR, THE GENTLEMAN'S ROMANCE. Written for the Diversion and Service of the Gentry. By Stephen Penton. Reprinted from the Edition of 1688. With an Introduction by Herbert H. Sturmer. London: F. E. Robinson.

STEPHEN PENTON is a writer whom this age has clean forgot, yet he was of note in his day. He was a college don, at one time principal of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, and finally rector of Wath and prebend of Ripon; he died in 1706 and was buried in Wath church, where his epitaph is still extant. All this, as well as various other scraps, you glean from Anthony Wood, and the editor has

diligently collected further details, whereof the most interesting is a gently humorous touch in his will. Whilst inviting the poor "to a good dole of bread," he adds, "and because I know not how to gett good wine, I leave nothing to be dranck at my funerall."

Penton wrote various books, but this is the only one deserving notice. 'Tis a scarce work, and well deserves the honour of this elegant, careful reprint, and of Mr. Sturmer's pious editorial care. Not that its precepts will help to build up the British boy of to-day, but they are quaint and curious and throw an interesting sidelight on the manners of the age. He will not have his young gentleman a bachelor—"you must resolve to *marry*"; also example is better than precept, "for the Vulgar have quite lost their *Hearing*; Preaching is but an honester sort of Diversion; they learn all by gaping and staring on a man in fine Clothes." At the same time, make not religion a formality, "do not put God off with a little *fashionable* Civility to the national Religion." His remarks on knowledge are more disputable. He advises the gentry to study law, which, in the first place, will give them much pleasure "as copying out the *Reason* and *Wisedom* of the Nation." They will possess their property more securely, they will manage all county business admirably, "and what service may they do others by untying knots and composing differences." All this is in accordance with the custom of an age that sent its young men of position to the Inns of Court, and strenuously exercised them in the principles of the Common Law. Alas! in law, above everything, is not a little knowledge a dangerous thing? And perhaps more stirring up of strife was caused by this dabbling than our author suspected.

Follows some account of Oxford, condemned by many as "Idle, Ill-bred, Ignorant, Debauch'd, Popish Oxford." Our author, unwilling to send his eldest son there, packed him off to foreign travel; on his return he discovered in him "an humour of magnifying things abroad in comparison with his own country"—a fashion which is by no means extinct even to-day. Albeit his improved manner, he found him ignorant, and then thought of marrying him; but having provided a capital match, he discovered in him a rooted aversion to matrimony, which contemporary wits contemned for no less than eleven reasons, whereof "the everlasting din of mothers in law" is one of the most curious. After all, he takes one of his sons to Oxford, but the first day he is horrorstruck, "for at ten of the clock in the Inn there was such a roaring and singing that my hair stood on end, and my former Prejudices were so heightened that I resolved to lose the journey and carry back my son again, presuming that no noise in Oxford could be made but Scholars must doe it." However, a proctor comes on the scene, who quickly puts "two young pert townsmen" in durance for the row, and explains to our anxious parent that, "whilst absolutely to keep young men from publick houses" was extremely difficult, yet every effort was made. The proctor then enters into a long discourse as to the management of youth. He is not to be allowed to go home too soon; it may be that just when he begins to study "we have a tedious ill spell'd Letter from a dear Sister, who languishes and longs to see him as much almost as she doth for a Husband." Then the groom arrives with a led horse; he posts off home, and soon the poor youth, "who was scarce able to rise to prayers, can now rise at four of the clock to a fox chase, then must he be treated at an alehouse with a rump of beef seven miles from home." After such entrancing diversions he creeps back to college unwillingly, and if he turn out ill, who is to blame? There are some amusing remarks on the diet for children, and on the teaching of Latin, which show that the grammatical as against the Hamiltonian system had its advocates and detractors two centuries ago, and that the latter was no new invention; but indeed there is entertainment on every page.

THE PRINCIPLES OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Lectures on the Principles of Local Government delivered at the London School of Economics. By George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

If the London School of Economics can produce many lectures as good as these, it will become a serious competitor of the older universities. We do not pretend to agree with everything Mr. Gomme says. Indeed, we think him in some places pedantic, and in others unduly speculative. But he is a specialist in two departments at least of the science of local government—the archæological and the statistical—and he is able to set forth his knowledge with lucidity. He has written a book about the village community, and studied the township on geological lines on the slopes of the South Downs, and he is now statistical officer to the London County Council. He was, therefore, well equipped for his work, and he has shown himself able to make full use of his knowledge.

The two main theses which he expounds are sound. He thinks the legislative practice of creating a fresh authority for almost every separate function newly created is "a system mischievous in its conception, though largely due to the influence of Jeremy Bentham, and mischievous in its results." And he thinks that the areas for local government should be coterminous, and should be so far as possible ancient historical areas, such as county, borough, and township or parish. We have done a good deal during recent years to concentrate governmental functions and simplify areas, but much still remains to be done. As Mr. Gomme points out, in the comparatively simple matter of statistics separate areas are kept up which are coterminous with no other areas. The farce of "registration counties" should be abolished without delay, especially as this could, we imagine, be done without legislation. There is no reason why petty sessions districts should not be made, in all cases, coterminous either with a borough or with a group of "districts," to use the not very happy word which, under the Local Government Act of 1894, must in course of time be substituted for union. The licensing areas should be coterminous with the "administrative counties," and the latter should, as Mr. Gomme points out, be the only counties, so as to enable them to drop their ugly adjective. It may give him some satisfaction to know that the Irish Bill follows the plan which he recommends.

Mr. Gomme pushes his contention as to the importance of historical divisions a little too far. He thinks of England as if it were a confederation of shires. This is very questionable history. No English shires, except Kent, ever had a separate governmental existence. It is fair to compare the Kentish shire-moot with the Tynwald of the Isle of Man, though twelve centuries of union have somewhat abated even the separateness of Kent. Many of the other shires had a tribal origin, but they were from the beginning only branches of larger tribal denominations. The Mercian and the Northern shires were from the first merely convenient administrative divisions of kingdoms which existed before the shires. It is even more important to notice that such continued identity as the shire was able to maintain was not in any sense popular or autonomous. The sheriff survived the alderman, and the justices received from Parliament some of the old powers of the moot when the moot had long since ceased to have any existence except for electing members of Parliament. It cannot truly be said that the county has, either in England or America, been in the past, whatever it may be in the future, a really strong element in local self-government. It presents in this respect a singular contrast to the borough. Mr. Gomme, not to be beaten, will have it that the borough evolved itself naturally from the township or the Roman city, and gained little by devolution from the central power. It is doubtless true that the boroughs, wherever they consisted of single townships, had

most of the elements of corporate existence before they became legal corporations. But mere incorporation is of comparatively small historical importance. The real point is that the borough had exclusive powers and a system of local representative self-government which the township did not possess in the same degree. These it owed to the charters obtained from the central power. Popular local self-government died altogether in the counties, survived to some extent in the township where the township was coterminous with the parish, and therefore fostered by the Church, became a mere form in the Manor Court, and in the towns only remained real owing to the provisions of the Royal charters, and had nearly gone to sleep when it was reawakened by the Reform Parliament. The antiquary of the Early English school has done a good deal to pervert history by exaggerating the importance of local institutions and minimising the work of the central power. It may be that County Councils may become more important than Parliament, but if they do, it will be a new development in our history. Parliament is the only institution which has hitherto been able to attract the sustained attention of Englishmen away from their immediate individual concerns. It is for this reason partly that Englishmen have been so slow to grasp the idea of Home Rule. A German Agrarian who heard one of Mr. Redmond's speeches on the Bill of 1893 said in surprise: "Why, he only wants a *Landtag!*" But the demand seemed novel, and therefore revolutionary, to Englishmen, because they had never had Landtags.

We have strayed a little from Mr. Gomme's book, but it is really one of those opinionative, suggestive books that one could argue with for hours. This is part of its value. Even when Mr. Gomme gives us views we cannot share, he gives such ingenious reasons to support them that they cannot be airily dismissed. We notice that he is doubtful and tentative as to the limits to municipal enterprise, and believes that police will tend to become a central rather than a local service. He is rather unfortunate in the illustrations he gives to prove that the Metropolitan Police Force is national as well as local. "When Surrey," he says, "requires more police to protect persons and property during the Epsom races, men are sent down from London." Does he not know that Epsom is within the Metropolitan Police district? But this is the only pure blunder in which we have detected Mr. Gomme. By the way, many people may not know that, as we are reminded at p. 227, John Stuart Mill, in his Bill of 1867, was the first to propose the division of the Metropolis into ten boroughs, each with its mayor.

ASTRONOMY.

THE SUN'S PLACE IN NATURE. By Sir Norman Lockyer, K.C.B., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

"THE CONCISE KNOWLEDGE" ASTRONOMY. By A. M. Clerke, A. Fowler, and J. Ellard Gore. London: Hutchinson & Co.

SIR NORMAN LOCKYER'S book deals with the classification of stars according to the physical characters revealed by the spectroscope, and with the Sun's place in this classification. Much of this is speculation pure and simple, but there is a sufficient basis of observation to give some interest to the conclusions arrived at by the author. He is of opinion that nebulæ and stars represent two stages of evolution—the first, or nebulous stage, being *not* a mass of hot gas, but a swarm of cold meteorites. Many bodies looking like stars are probably centres of nebulæ, that is to say, of meteoric swarms. According to this "meteoric hypothesis," some of the heavenly bodies must be increasing in temperature, whilst others are decreasing. The Sun appears to be one of those stars of which the temperature is rapidly decreasing:—

> In Vogel's classification all stars are regarded as cooling bodies, while one of the chief points of mine is the distinction between stars which are getting hotter and those which are becoming cooler. Thus, while the stars like δ Cephei and those like the Sun are grouped together by Vogel in his Class IIa, they are in mine divided into two groups, Group III. including δ Cephei and Group V. the Sun. The important question to be answered may be formulated as follows:—Is the difference between stars like δ Cephei and stars resembling the Sun solely due to a small temperature difference, as it is on Vogel's view, or does it represent, as I contend, a physical difference? On Vogel's view the stars in question are like the Sun, on mine they are not. To make the difference quite clear, I repeat that I hold that stars like δ Cephei consist of uncondensed swarms of meteorites of increasing temperature, whilst those like the Sun are cooling bodies, and consist of masses of vapour in which there are photospheres and relatively quiet atmospheres.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that comprised under the two headings, "The Discovery of Helium" and "The Discovery of a Terrestrial Source of Helium." The distinction seems to suggest that Sir Norman Lockyer, not Professor Ramsay, is to be entitled the discoverer of helium; but we must remember that the word "helium" had but little precise significance before Professor Ramsay *obtained* the substance. Sir Norman Lockyer finds that the spectrum of the gas which comes from the mineral cleveite affords, besides the known lines of helium, other lines not identified with those of known substances, but which occur in stellar spectra. These are possibly due to undiscovered chemical elements, or, at least, to chemical elements which have not yet been obtained. Thus matters of high interest are dealt with in the volume before us; nevertheless, we cannot much recommend the book either to the scientific or to the general reader. For the latter it is too technical; for the former, too speculative. The style, moreover, is in many places diffuse and even obscure.

The "Astronomy" volume of "The Concise Knowledge" Library is divided into four sections. Of these, two are by Miss Clerke—always a pleasant writer. Her contributions are The History of Astronomy and The Solar System. Mr. Fowler, Demonstrator of Astronomical Physics to the Royal College of Science, contributes Geometrical Astronomy and Astronomical Instruments, and Mr. Gore writes on The Sidereal Heavens. Of History, all that precedes Copernicus should be carefully read. Most of us know what the Copernican system is, but comparatively few know the foundations on which the system was built.

The Geometrical Astronomy, in an elementary treatise, does not afford much scope for novelty, and it is hard to reach the excellence of Airy's "Popular Astronomy" and Herschel's "Outlines." Under the head of Instruments, those employed in "Astro-physics" are dealt with in considerable detail.

In the solar system, the telescopic study of Mars is at present of pre-eminent interest. With the modern telescopes, and the clearer atmosphere of some of the newer observing stations, we see Mars much as Galileo saw the Moon. The change of seasons can be distinctly traced, chiefly by the periodical formation and disappearance of a white, shining, polar cap. The surface of the planet is partly of a bright orange hue, and partly dull greenish or grey. These two shades are laid on in large masses suggesting such a division of surfaces as that of the continents and sea-basins of the Earth or the bright parts and the "seas" of the Moon. When the polar cap shrinks with the approach of summer, minor markings of the duller hue appear, or in other cases assume a greater distinctness. These minor markings, which vary with the seasons, are chiefly circular or oval spots, called "oases," connected by thin straight bars or lines, called "canals." The most plausible speculation at present put forward is that the polar caps are snow, and that the thin lines are valleys, changing hue with the development of vegetation by moisture. The extraordinarily geometrical character and the curious intersection of these lines has led to the idea that they may be due to artificial "canals." The atmosphere of Mars is

attenuated. If the volatile substance, which certainly volatilises and condenses there, be water, the supply is apparently far less than that on Earth; and that the store should be husbanded is, at all events, in accordance with experience. But the scale of these "canals" is not at all in accordance with experience; they are out of all proportion greater than the structures which labour has produced on the Earth. There is, however, another planet besides our own whose topography is well known—the Moon—and we venture to suggest to the speculative astronomer that lunar analogies must be applied as well as terrestrial. For many reasons connected with its size, we should expect Mars to possess a surface intermediate in character between those of the Moon and of the Earth. Now the oases and canals of Mars do not seem to resemble anything on Earth, but their scale and arrangement is not at all dissimilar from that of the craters and the "rays" of the Moon. The craters of the Moon are depressions below the general surface; and if one supposes a previous condition when volcanic activity had moderated and water had not yet wholly disappeared, then the crater valleys would collect the moisture and might form lakes or verdant plains. Dr. Stoney thinks that Mars is too small to retain water vapour. If so, we may perhaps suppose the water to be still slowly escaping.

In Mr. Gore's contribution on The Sidereal Heavens we are interested in the latest accounts of attempts to deal with the construction of the heavens:—

> Professor Kapteyn finds that the centre of greatest condensation of the solar type stars lies in a point situated about ten degrees to the west of the Great Nebula in Andromeda, and that this centre nearly coincides with the point which, according to Struve and Herschel, represents the apparent centre of the Milky Way considered as a ring. This would indicate that the Sun and solar system lie a little to the north of the Milky Way and towards a point situated in the northern portion of the constellation of the Centaur. . . . The general conclusions to be derived from the above results seem to be that the Sun is a member of a cluster of stars, possibly distributed in the form of a ring, and that outside this ring, at a much greater distance from us than the stars of the solar cluster, lies a considerably richer ring-shaped cluster, the light of which, reduced to nebulosity by immensity of distance, produces the Milky Way.

"'The Concise Knowledge' Astronomy" we find to be a convenient and useful treatise.

A GUIDE TO GREECE.

Pausanias's Description of Greece. Translated, with a Commentary, by J. G. Frazer, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 6 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

Within the last thirty or forty years the horizon of the student of Greek antiquity has widened immensely. The success of Schliemann's excavations, which were begun in 1869, demonstrated once for all the right of the spade and pickaxe to rank with the grammar and the lexicon as instruments of scientific research. Up till that time, scholars who interested themselves in such branches of learning as epigraphy and numismatics ran the risk of being dubbed apostles of the "new pedantry." Nowadays the value and importance of classical archæology is universally recognised. Governments and individuals have generously provided means for the thorough investigation of historical sites, and the result has been an accumulation of material before which the ordinary student may well stand aghast. Much of the pioneer work was done by Englishmen like Leake, Fellows, Wood, and Newton. And the tradition is being well maintained by explorers like W. M. Ramsay and A. J. Evans. At the same time a large part of the territory has been "effectively occupied" by Continental specialists, whose reports are scattered broadcast in all languages, many of them being embedded in more or less inaccessible periodicals. If we are not to lose our way altogether, it is imperative that from time to time some competent person should devote himself to the task of sifting and summarising. And this is, in effect, what Mr. Frazer has done in the work before us. Though nominally an edition of Pausanias, it is really a welcome and highly successful attempt to give a comprehensive account of the topography and antiquities of Greece Proper in the light of the most recent research.

Mr. Frazer, who is one of the most learned and conscientious of living scholars, is also master of a singularly clear and pleasant English style. The "appreciation" of Pausanias, which extends to nearly one hundred pages, is eminently readable, and gives a charming picture of the old-world traveller, who journeyed through Greece in the age of the Antonines and made jottings for the guide-book in which he gossips in such an entertaining and informative fashion on art and history, on religion and topography. The remainder of the first volume is devoted mainly to an excellent translation of the original. Then come four volumes of commentary, the last being partly supplementary, and finally an index-volume to the whole work.

Naturally it is on the commentary that most of Mr. Frazer's labour has been spent, and it is in this that the chief value of his book as a contribution to learning lies. As we have indicated, it is to a large extent an epitome of the results obtained by other investigators. As such, it is absolutely indispensable to every classical library. The pages dealing with Mycenæ in Vol. III., for instance, or with Delphi in Vol. V., put the reader in possession of all the facts bearing on the many questions that the excavation of these sites has raised. Maps, plans, and illustrations are liberally supplied throughout, while the lists of references are unusually full and complete. No doubt the specialist in each department will find that Mr. Frazer now and then falls short of his ideal. But, on the whole, the commentary must be pronounced a masterpiece of erudition and of orderly arrangement. It contains, too, a good deal that is to be found nowhere else. The author has twice visited Greece, and has formed opinions of his own on many disputed points. Further, he has a keen eye for natural beauty, and a power of description which enables him to bring vividly before us landscape after landscape in that wonderful country which is surely the fairest of all lands. And lastly, he draws freely on his unique store of folk-tales to illustrate the primitive beliefs that find a place every now and again in the original record.

It is inevitable that the book should have the defects of its qualities. It suffers from the fact that it is addressed to a double audience—to professional scholars and to the general public. The former will find in it not a little that they may regard as elementary knowledge, as well as not a little that they might prefer to look for in dictionaries of geography and mythology. There are people, though we are not of the number, who may be disposed to resent the excursions into the domain of folk-lore. And there are others who, with more reason, will regret the absence of the Greek text. After speaking as we have done of the merits of the work, we may perhaps be allowed two grumbles of our own. The tendency to find an English equivalent for everything is surely carried to excess. Mr. Frazer, for example, translates *στάδιον* by "furlong," and then has to take up a page of the commentary (II. 13) in explaining that it is not really a furlong at all. And does international courtesy absolutely require that we should speak of "Mr. Homolle" and "Mr. Studnicza," of "Mr. Skias" and "Mr. Kavvadias"? We fear the uninitiated will be inclined to suppose that English scholars have often very peculiar names. Our second complaint is a more serious one. The value of the book as a work of reference would have been greatly increased if the last volume had been made more complete. The index to the translation leaves nothing to be desired, but by comparison the index to the commentary is meagre in the extreme. In the former we have one page of index to every three

pages of text. It would, of course, be out of the question to expect the commentary to be indexed on the same elaborate scale. But under the circumstances we might have looked for a larger proportion than one page to 115.

ANIMAL ETHICS.

EVOLUTIONAL ETHICS AND ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By E. P. Evans, Author of "Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture," etc. London: William Heinemann.

THE object of this very interesting book is to bring animals within the range of ethics by showing that they possess sensibility and rudiments—or something more than rudiments—of an intelligence like our own. "The only firm foundation of animal ethics," as the author puts it, "is animal psychology." As against the Cartesian view—which, however, is probably now held by no one—that animals are merely pieces of physical mechanism without consciousness, the argument is conclusive. It is equally conclusive against the absolute opposition which used to be commonly asserted between animal "instinct" and human "reason." The existence of animal intelligence is as obvious an inference from analogy as that of animal sensibility. And that speech is not a "barrier between man and beast" in the sense that it precludes the evolution of some lower animal into man, is decisively shown against Prof. Max Müller. All this is brought out in an entertaining way, and with abundance of anecdote. Nor is the author undiscriminating, for if he admits some rather elaborate stories of animal intelligence with less criticism than might seem desirable, he regretfully admits that the latest attempts to establish the existence of a "simian language" do not amount to much.

On the other hand, he does not quite see the implications of one important admission. "That no animal," he says, "has ever made a natural and habitual use of articulate speech for the communication of its thoughts and feelings is a truism which it would seem superfluous to emphasise or italicise." It is this absence of speech proper—which means the expression of conceptual thought—in animals and its presence in man that constitute the fundamental distinction between human and merely animal intelligence. And no tracing of psychological origins can get rid of this actual difference. Thence it follows that there is an element of truth in the theory that denies "rights" to animals. We do not know that the practical distinction has ever been put better than by Plutarch—whom Mr. Evans more than once quotes in reference to "animal ethics," though he seems to have overlooked this passage. Plutarch, if we remember rightly, says that animals are the objects of benevolence but not of justice. The ground of the distinction, of course, is that while they experience pleasure and pain, and have a kind of intelligence and emotion that enables us to sympathise with them, they have not—to put it rather pedantically—the kind of abstract intelligence that could make them capable of entering into contracts. Essentially we agree with what seems to be Mr. Evans's practical view. If this distinction had been brought out, every possible objection would have been obviated.

Mr. Evans leads up to the ethics of man's treatment of animals by a survey of the gradual extension of ethical conceptions among men. Beginning with the family or the tribe, he shows how they are extended to larger and larger aggregates, and finally to the whole of mankind. Here, again, there would be an advantage in further discrimination. The philosophers to whom Mr. Evans refers as having first introduced into ethics the idea of a "community of the human race," did not regard every member of that community as having equal claims on each individual. They still recognised a gradation of duties. Similarly, because the primitive ethical prejudice against all strangers as "enemies" or "barbarians" must disappear in the progress of civilisation, it does not follow that there remains no valid scientific distinction between superior and inferior races. And, of course, the ethical prejudice must have coincided in some cases with the truth of things. The Greeks of the best period were at least as much superior to the contemporary "Barbarians" as they thought. This has to be pointed out in the interests of intellectual clearness, not because we disagree practically with the tendency of what Mr. Evans says. Certainly the world is not suffering at present from any excess of cosmopolitan philanthropy.

Mr. Evans gives us much interesting comparison of Oriental and Occidental religions: the former being, as he insists and as others have noted before, on the whole more favourable than the latter to kind treatment of animals. In ascribing belief in metempsychosis to the ancient Egyptians, however, he seems to be unaware of the results of the latest researches. The Egyptians had a doctrine of immortality; but the notion that they believed in metempsychosis apparently sprang from misinterpretations of the symbolical figures on the monuments. And when Mr. Evans tells us that Nemesius "appears to have discovered the principle of organic evolution fifteen centuries before Darwin made it the keystone of modern science, just as he anticipated Harvey by nearly thirteen centuries in describing the action of the heart and the circulation of the blood," we should like to see the textual evidence for this. The probabilities are that the passages produced would be far too indefinite to justify the assertion, and that they would be seen to be reminiscences of earlier rather than anticipations of later thought.

Having devoted so much space to criticism, we can only repeat, with regard to the contents of the book generally, that it is extremely readable and on the whole tends to perfectly sound practical conclusions.

FICTION.

SOWING THE SAND. By Florence Henniker. London and New York: Harper & Brothers.

TREWINNOT OF GUY'S. A Novel. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. London: John Long.

MRS. HENNIKER is a writer whose work invariably bears the hall-mark of distinction, and everyone who values the intellectual quality in fiction will welcome the appearance of her new novel, "Sowing the Sand." Here, as in every production of her pen, the style is admirable and the story extremely interesting, whilst all the characters are drawn with delicate art. But that which is the most striking feature of this clever and thoughtful novel is the profound sadness which pervades it from beginning to end—a sadness all the more poignant because it is obviously unaffected. There is no air of pose in the author's attitude towards the problem of human existence, no cheap cynicism in her estimate of human nature. Pessimistic the book undoubtedly is, but the pessimism is that of a sensitive spirit oppressed by a sincere conviction of the futility of life, with its sardonic contrasts of aim and fulfilment, its tragic blunders, its pitiful, useless sacrifices. The Preacher of old showed all these things for all time, and Mrs. Henniker's text in "Sowing the Sand" is only the old cry of "Omnia vanitas," once uttered by Solomon, and re-echoed by all humanity. This dreary doctrine loses nothing of force in hands so capable as Mrs. Henniker's, and the book is impressively pathetic in its restraint, its subtlety, its trenchant simplicity of diction. The story is a painful one, though, unfortunately, only too true—wherein lies its sting. Charley Crespin, the handsome, good-hearted but weak-natured son of a wealthy manufacturer, goes forth gaily into the world, whose temptations he is unfitted alike by early training and constitutional feebleness of will to resist. The sudden plunge from the quiet,

monotonous routine of home life in a grimy Yorkshire town into the vortex of a military career, full of pleasure and excitement, proves too much for the moral equilibrium of the dashing young Hussar. With convincing naturalness Mrs. Henniker traces for us the course of Charley Crespin's downfall, involving not only his own ruin but the life-long sorrow of all those nearest and dearest to him, and shows the inevitable failure awaiting those who have not strength enough to withstand temptation. Charley is not the only person in this mournful story who illustrates the author's philosophy; his beautiful sister Mildred, her friend, Mrs. Devereux, and the man whom both these fair women love, Jack Savile, suffer in various ways from the Nemesis of their own and others' follies and mistakes. It will be seen that "Sowing the Sand" is not a cheerful book. It is, in fact, singularly saddening, for its author's great literary skill and real intensity of emotion lend additional pathos to the inherent gloom of her subject. But there is beauty as well as sadness in this book — the beauty of tender sympathy, delicate intuition, and poetic imagination. The descriptive portions, too, are excellently done, and in the graphic picture of the Crespins' typical middle-class home, with its appalling dulness, its ugly gorgeousness, and the kindly simple affections underlying and ennobling all the external unattractiveness, we recognise that touch of imaginative sympathy which marks the true artist. Mrs. Henniker's outlook upon life strikes the reader no less by its tenderness than by its overshadowing mournfulness, and it is this fineness of feeling which makes "Sowing the Sand" a book distinctly worth reading, and keeping, and reading again.

A hero of quite exceptional attractiveness, a heroine at once sweet and spirited, a female villain of the deepest dye, and a plot crammed with surprising incidents—what more could be demanded by the most exacting novel-reader? And all these virtues are to be found in "Trewinnot of Guy's," a novel the popularity of which is assured from the outset; for not only does it teem with an almost bewildering profusion of characters and episodes—some tragic, some verging upon the farcical—but its author has hit upon an idea possessing the invaluable merit of comparative freshness in fiction, by taking for her hero a young doctor, whose career is here depicted as he advances from the chrysalis-stage of mere medical student, through the upward steps of dispenser, assistant, and partner, to the full-blown glories of a qualified practitioner on his own account. That Mrs. Coulson Kernahan has an intimate acquaintance with the inner life of the medical profession is made abundantly evident in the racy pages of "Trewinnot of Guy's," and an attractive dash of piquancy lends peculiar interest to the wealth of character sketches that enrich the story. Curious little peeps at the home-life of all sorts and conditions of the healing fraternity, from the street-quack, vending pills of miraculous virtue, up to the stately physician "keeping his carriage and pair," are afforded for the delectation of the inquisitive reader, and the graphic realism of the picture is undeniable, even though a fastidious taste may cavil at the over-colouring which accompanies it. Of the plot, it must frankly be stated that melodrama runs rampant in it, and that the long arm of coincidence is employed by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan with amazing audacity. But real power, some humour (of a rather obvious kind), and an infinite play of fancy and feeling raise this novel distinctly out of the groove of the commonplace, and incline the captious reviewer to condone certain faults of construction which seem almost to clamour for criticism. Robert Trewinnot himself is a delightfully drawn personality—a frank, robust, clean-souled young fellow, who works strenuously, loves faithfully, and altogether endears himself to the reader of his eventful history. Mrs. Kernahan's vivacious pen traces that history in the liveliest and most realistic manner, telling in a very effective series of episodes his various adventures in the households of the two doctors by whom "Bob" is employed prior to his appearance as a duly qualified practitioner. In each situation the young fellow encounters a pretty girl, each of whom is destined to exercise a potent influence over his future life. Sadie Martin, the real queen of his heart, ardently returns the love he expresses, but refuses to become his wife because she has the misfortune to be the daughter of a scoundrel who has brought upon her an unmerited disgrace. Daisy Jones, on the other hand, loves young Trewinnot without awakening in his breast any corresponding emotion; and the knowledge that her unsought love is scorned by him rouses dormant evil in her shallow, selfish nature—evil that ends in terrible disaster both to herself, to him, and to her unconscious rival, Sadie Martin. We are not going to divulge Mrs. Kernahan's elaborate plot. It is full of strange surprises for the reader, and cannot fail to prove thrillingly interesting, despite the indubitable artificiality of its closing situation—a situation in which the author's lively imagination and strong *penchant* for melodrama seem to overpower considerations of artistic proportion and balance. The structural defects of this clever story are sufficiently obvious to the most casual reader; but much must be forgiven to a writer so gifted with racy humour, keen observation, and vigorous eloquence, and Mrs. Coulson Kernahan possesses not only these agreeable qualities but the more solid virtues of sympathetic insight, tender pathos, and an intimate knowledge of the hearts of men and women. "Trewinnot of Guy's" is in many respects a notable novel.

A CITY OF BLOOD.

BENIN: THE CITY OF BLOOD. By Commandant Bacon. London: Edward Arnold.

CAPTAIN BOISRAGON has given us an account of the Benin disaster from the point of view of one of the only two surviving members of the ill-fated mission which was massacred while on its way to the capital, and now Commandant Bacon has supplemented the story by an account of the punitive expedition undertaken by Admiral Rawson. No one can complain that Commandant Bacon, who acted as Intelligence Officer to the expedition, has yielded to the temptation unduly to pad out his narrative. He has written a plain, straightforward, sailor-like story of a very interesting expedition, and the book will be welcomed by everybody who has any reason for desiring to know how the particular "little war" was carried out. But, apart from this individual interest, there is the wider interest attaching to a description of bush warfare as it is carried on in the tangled forest jungles which hem round so much of the African continent. Commandant Bacon's account of the unspeakable horrors of Benin shows that the tales of that city of blood, which have made our blood curdle, were in no way exaggerated. We have much to put on the debit side of the account in our work in Africa, but surely the wiping out of this terrible charnel-house and the substitution of an orderly administration which respects and protects human life must be regarded as one of the items on the credit side of the account.

CAUTIONS FOR EDUCATIONISTS.

DEBATABLE CLAIMS: ESSAYS ON SECONDARY EDUCATION. By John Charles Tarver. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.

MR. TARVER'S book is a series of reminders of things that the general public are extremely likely to forget amid their new-found zeal for secondary education. Substantially we may regard it as an appeal for delay and caution—a warning against neglecting the machinery we have, against rushing into a new and costly organisation when we have an existing system capable of adaptation to our purposes; against sinking money in bricks and mortar and leaving teachers without adequate pay; and in general against trusting too much to mechanism and routine and too little to the human element which provides the force and the guidance. At most—so we gather from Mr. Tarver's pleadings—we should, in the first instance, recognise existing schools and register teachers; and we should have a care lest the training of teachers may not lead to over-teaching and leaving too little for the scholar to do. This last, we fear, is a real danger with the conscientious regularly-trained teacher of to-day. Mr. Tarver's book is sound sense; but we doubt if there is yet so much enthusiasm in existence for secondary education as to want a brake. We think he misses one point as to private schools. The real objection to them is that they have not, as a rule, a continuous life or a history, and so their members have relatively little *esprit de corps*.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Lady Fry of Darlington, almost up to the day of her death—it took place at Biarritz in the spring of last year—was a capable and unwearied worker in many good causes. No doubt the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places, but she had too keen a sense of duty and of the responsibilities of wealth and leisure to sit lightly to the claims of others. There is nothing in the least degree remarkable about the story of her life, and yet it would be untrue as well as ungracious to hint that Miss Orme has written a superfluous book. In these restless days, when personal enjoyment seems the chief end of so many lives, and material considerations are allowed on every hand undue weight, it is well that one's thoughts should be sometimes turned to the possibilities of happiness and honour which lie within the reach of the quiet life which is given cheerfully to the service of others. Miss Orme puts the secret of Lady Fry's life in a nutshell when she says: "She did not neglect home duties for philanthropy, and she did not neglect her philanthropic duties when she took up political work." Her girlhood was spent under demure, and many people would think harsh, conditions, and yet there is evidence enough that it was bright as well as tranquil. Her father, Mr. John Pease, was a rich Quaker of the old-fashioned school, and quite as a matter of course he carried out the clean-cut convictions of what was then, at least, the most strait-laced of the sects. "Any useless luxury or ostentation was deemed to be mischievous, if not actually sinful. All amusements involving excitement, such as dancing, music, and the drama, were strictly forbidden." He was a man of great personal charm, and it shone through the inflexible austerity of his life. "His daughter Sophia was very proud of him and of the great influence for good which he exerted in his native town and elsewhere. He allowed her to take an active share in many of his projects"; and this sympathetic companionship was only partially broken when she became the wife of Mr., now Sir, Theodore Fry. Lady Fry's grandfather, we need scarcely add, was a man whose name will always be associated with the lowly beginnings of railway enterprise in this country—Edward Pease, the early patron and life-long friend of that great mechanical genius, George Stephenson. It seems that the little inn still exists at Yarm where Edward Pease laid down ten thousand pounds as the first subscription towards the cost of the pioneer Stockton and Darlington railway. The range of Lady Fry's kindly activities widened, as is usually the case, as her character and capacity made their mark. She had a remarkable gift of organisation, and she employed it with enviable tact and unflagging public spirit in all kinds of practical directions. She proved herself to be a sympathetic and competent adviser alike of young girls and poor mothers, and first as Mayoress of Darlington, and then as wife for the member of the borough, she saw and seized the opportunities which such positions gave her for brightening and bettering the lot of her own sex. Her work in connection with the Women's National Liberal Association is too well known to need description in these columns, and Miss Orme says with truth that Lady Fry eventually became the "acknowledged centre of all those who approved of the education and active participation of women in practical politics." She carried a sunny temper and respect for the opinions of other people into the midst of the most trying controversy, and she kept the good-will of rich and poor by her winning womanly sympathy, no less than by the unselfish labours of a life that was palpably inspired by generous instincts and lofty aims.

Amongst the Builders of Greater Britain, "John and Sebastian Cabot," though men of alien blood, unquestionably take rank. When the present century was young, the claims of the elder Cabot were lightly dismissed, and his son Sebastian was still held in undimmed renown. Now, however, thanks to the new historical methods of exact research amongst contemporary records, there is a reversal of opinion, for all scholars have come to the conclusion that John Cabot's claims have been for centuries ruthlessly disallowed. It is not pleasant to think that this arose to a large extent through the unscrupulous action of his own son. It seems clear that Sebastian Cabot advertised himself in his own day with somewhat of the skill of a modern novelist, and was, to say the least, careless of his father's reputation. Some years ago M. Harrisse drew up a circumstantial and most damaging indictment against the younger Cabot, and although Mr. Raymond Beazley, in the present monograph, refuses stoutly to accept all his accusations, he admits enough to show that the younger of the two men was vain and self-assertive, and, moreover, allowed his father to be defrauded in silence of credit that was justly his due. When Lord Dufferin, a year ago, unveiled a monument to John Cabot at Bristol—the port from which in 1497 he set out, with the English flag at his masthead, in the quest of land beyond the wide unknown seas—he said that England did well to hold such a man in honour, since it was this great navigator who "opened the door" of a new world to her enterprising sons by the discovery of the continent of North America. It is possible, however, to do injustice to Sebastian Cabot, and though he acted basely, his name is indissolubly linked with that of his father in the epoch-making exploit. Mr. Beazley does well to lay stress on the fact that Sebastian Cabot took a prominent part in bringing about the famous voyage of 1553, which "opened the Russian trade by means of the White Sea, gave our merchants their first glimpse of Persia and Central Asia, and was at least one starting-point of the Elizabethan revival of trade, discovery, and colonial expansion." A portrait and quaint early maps, as well as valuable appendices, which contain respectively lists of contemporary documents and a survey of printed contributions to the Cabot controversy, enhance the utility of a vigorous and scholarly book.

Lovers of golden deeds as well as of romantic verse are sure to welcome a new edition of "The Cid Ballads," over the translation of which the late Mr. James Young Gibson lavished the leisure of the closing years of a studious life. Mr. Gibson travelled widely in Spain in company with his friend the late Mr. Duffield, the well-known translator of "Don Quixote," and he was fascinated by the "Poëma del Cid," which is supposed to be the collection of poems in the Spanish language. The chivalrous character of Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the typical hero of Spain in its dramatic struggle with the Moors, greatly attracted him, and he determined in consequence to supplement the labours of Lockhart, Hookham Frere, and other scholars by a more literal rendering of old romantic ballads which extol the exploits of El Cid Campeador, as the Spaniards not inaptly term this splendid representative of chivalry. The new edition of the book contains a memoir of Mr. Gibson of unusual interest, as well as a touching preface from the pen of his wife.

The Diamond Jubilee brought in its wake many contributions to literature of a more or less ephemeral description. Amongst the best appeals of the kind to the mood of the moment is a volume of reprinted papers bearing the collective title of "Sixty Years of Empire." It consists of an historical survey of political, religious, social, literary, scientific, artistic and industrial progress within the broad compass of the Queen's auspicious reign. The growth of Greater Britain is not neglected, nor the progress of the Army and Navy, nor the consolidation and extension of our power in India. Amongst the writers are Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. George Russell, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Joseph Pennell, and Mr. A. B. Walkley. Needless to add, the point of view is liberal and enlightened.

Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode have just published a new and splendidly illustrated edition of "The 'Variorum' Aids to the Bible Student," which have been in a less elaborate or attractive form one of the chief features of the "Sunday School Teacher's Bible," which was first issued by the Queen's Printers in the spring of 1875. The aim is to put the intelligent English student in possession of the main results of modern research, so far as they throw light on the sacred records. Nothing in recent years has been more remarkable than the progress which archæology has made in the East, with the result that large portions of the Old Testament have already been brought to the test of independent but strictly contemporary evidence. Mr. Ball, who edits this treasure-house of exact facts, says with truth that it will never again be possible for scornful incredulity to assert, with Voltaire, that the Old Testament Scriptures were the idle fabrication of mediæval monks. These pages illustrate the history of writing, and describe the transmission of the text of the Bible in manuscripts, versions and translations down to the age of Tyndall. They give typical examples of the religious traditions, ideas and practices not merely of ancient Israel but of contemporary nations, and this is supplemented by aids to interpretation from the monuments of Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt. The illustrations from monuments, manuscripts, coins, cylinders, and sculptured stones are often of extreme significance, as well as of great historical interest. Such a book is a veritable armoury of incontrovertible facts, and the help which it affords deserves to be widely known.

Three years ago Mr. Trevor-Battye published an account of his adventures in high latitudes when "Ice-bound in Kolguev," and the book was recognised at the time as amongst the most interesting and least conventional of recent works of travel. He has now printed an account of a subsequent journey along "A Northern Highway of the Tsar," or, in other words, through the vast, silent, sombre forests of Northern Russia. He went thither deliberately at the worst possible time, and, as he hints, in flat defiance of tradition, custom, and even common sense. Northern Russia is a region which it is possible to traverse with some degree of comfort either in the height of summer or in the depth of winter with the help of relays—in the

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* Lady Fry of Darlington. By Eliza Orme, LL.B. Portrait. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

John and Sebastian Cabot. By C. Raymond Beazley, M.A., F.R.G.S., Author of "Prince Henry the Navigator," &c. (Builders of Greater Britain.) London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The Cid Ballads, and Other Poems and Translations from Spanish and German. By the late James Young Gibson. Edited by Margaret Dunlop Gibson. Portrait. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Sixty Years of Empire, 1837-1897. A Review of the Period. Portraits and Diagrams. London: William Heinemann.

The "Variorum" Aids to the Bible Student. Illustrated. London and Edinburgh: Eyre & Spottiswoode.

A Northern Highway of the Tsar. By Aubyn Trevor-Battye, Author of "Ice-bound on Kolguev." Portrait and Illustrations. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

one case of horses and in the other of reindeer. Mr. Trevor-Battye wanted to see the country in its most captious mood, and, to do him credit, he succeeded. He plunged into the forest at the season of the year which the natives call "kasputnya," which, literally interpreted, means the "parting of the ways," the difficult weeks when the dry ruts of summer have vanished in hopeless morass, and the frosts of winter have not come to make the rough places plain with firm sheets of ice. October is an evil month in that part of the world—so evil, indeed, that even the Government postal service is discontinued, and the keepers of the stages on the Northern Highway of the Tsar are held guiltless when they throw up their hands and shrug their shoulders and stoutly decline to provide the rash traveller with the means of locomotion. In reading these pages there are times when we are almost oppressed by the silence of the forests and the dreary aspects of the almost illimitable empire of the Tsar. Mr. Trevor-Battye has a genuine passion for adventure and a keen love of nature, and he also makes us feel that he loves his kind, whether they be monks or peasants or chance wayfaring men. The magic of style, Matthew Arnold used to say, is creative, and in these pictures of travel we have it, and in company with accurate knowledge and shrewd powers of observation.

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FRIDAY, May 27th.—To **BATH, BRISTOL,** &c., returning **May 30th, 31st, June 2nd** or **9th**; to Chipping Norton, Cheltenham, Worcester, Malvern, Hereford, &c., returning **June 2nd**; to Market Drayton, Manchester, **Chester,** Birkenhead, **Liverpool,** &c., returning **May 30th, June 1st** or **2nd**; **SHREWSBURY,** Welshpool, Aberystwyth, Llangollen, Barmouth, Rhyl, Llandudno, Bettws-y-Coed, Carnarvon, and other North Wales stations, returning **May 30th, June 2nd, 6th** or **9th**; and to **Douglas (Isle of Man),** to return any week-day to **June 6th** inclusive.

FRIDAY NIGHT, May 27th.—To Exeter, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, &c., returning **May 30th, June 3rd** or **10th.**

SATURDAY, May 28th.—To **OXFORD,** Leamington, **BIRMINGHAM,** Wolverhampton, &c., returning **May 30th, June 2nd** or **4th**; and to Douglas (Isle of Man), to return any week-day up to **June 6th** inclusive, and on **Friday, June 10th.**

SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, May 28th.—To **BATH, BRISTOL,** &c., returning **May 30th, 31st, June 2nd** or **9th**; and to Chepstow, Newport, **Cardiff,** Swansea, &c., returning **May 30th, June 1st, 2nd,** or **9th.**

WHIT SUNDAY.—To **CIRENCESTER,** Gloucester, Cheltenham, &c., returning same day or **May 31st, June 2nd** or **9th.**

WHIT SUNDAY MIDNIGHT.—To **OXFORD,** Leamington, **BIRMINGHAM,** Wolverhampton, &c., returning **May 30th, June 2nd** or **3rd.**

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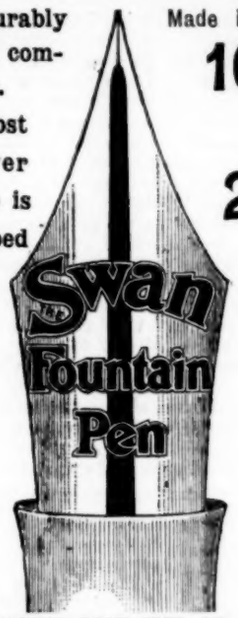

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